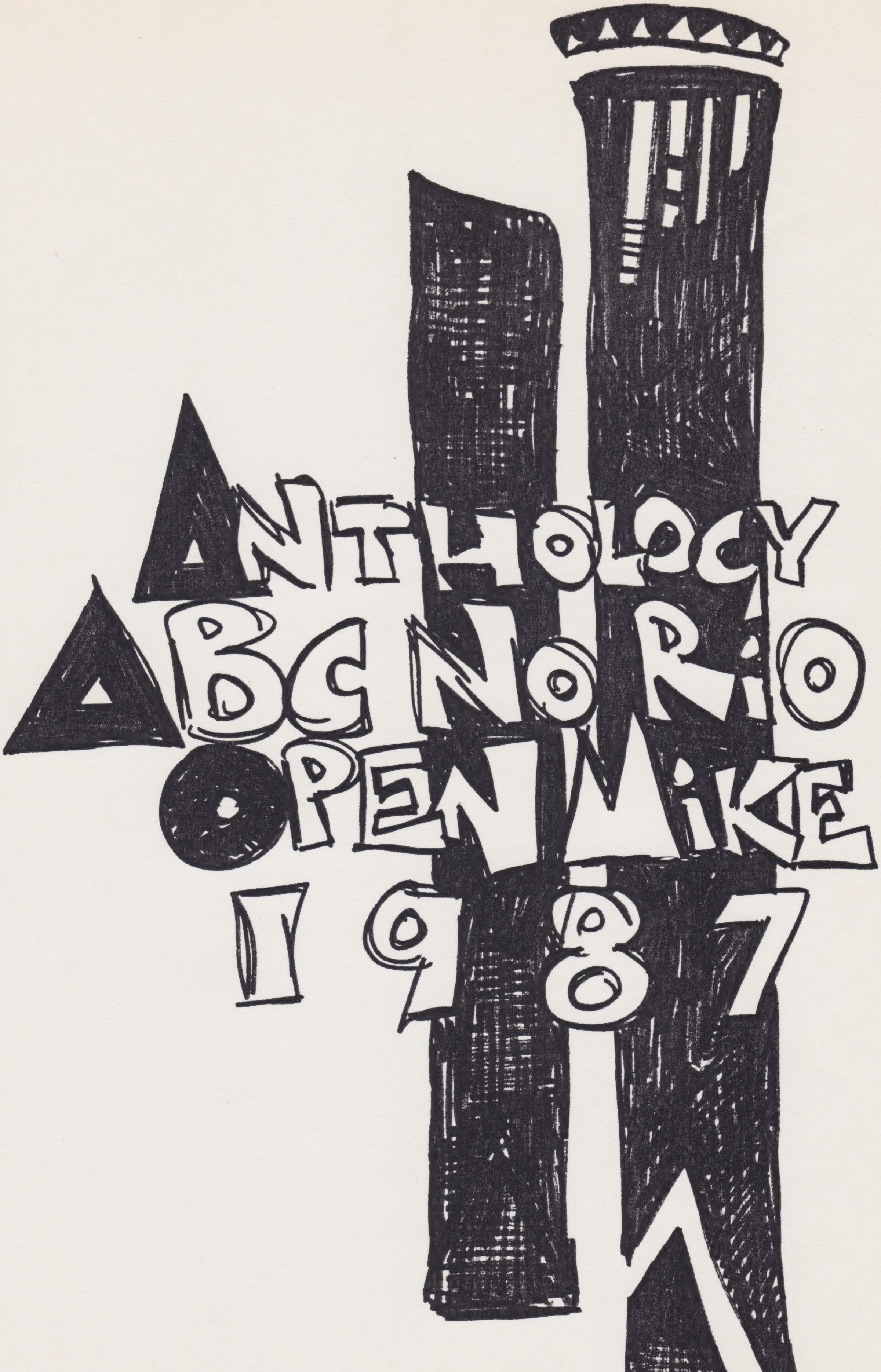
# ANTHOLOGY
# ABC NO RIO
# OPEN MIKE
# 1987

none



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this anthology is dedicated
to the memory of my father
JAMES ALOYSIUS COURTNEY II
1913 - 1987

# SOMETHING OF A INTRODUCTION YOU MIGHT SAY .........

I find it impossible for an anthology, such as this one, to truly comprehend and represent the energy, the madness, the weight, of what the Open Mike at ABC No Rio carried. You can ask anyone who was there, really *there*. For four to five hours, every Sunday night, 25 to 28 performers, no matter what their craft, for 10 minutes the stage was theirs. And for a crowd as diverse as the Open Mike crowd, the fact that they were, considering the situations, and the energies, *listened to*, *and* graciously applauded, truly *is* astounding. This anthology cannot possibly conjure up the joy, the madness, the frustration and pain, the guts and the shit, the laughs and the "whoa, man" feelings that were here, like clock work, every Sunday for the past two and half years.

It was June of 1985, myself and my partner, Sam Formo, started a forum, where anybody, and I mean *everybody* could do their thing. Poets, musicians, acoustic and electric, tin can and acapella, dancers, filmmakers, wordsmiths, wordmusics, bards, folks passing through town, be they sages, drifters, bongo players, hippies and hipsters. Housewives, possibly even househusbands, students, grandmothers, guys out of prison, folks of the street, playwrights, assholes, a few racists, maybe one neo-nazi, a number of sexists, Europeans, Californians, Nova Scotians, world citizenry ! It was here where you were heard, listened to and respected. Or maybe, called upon to explain what you had just read, or said. At the drop of a hat this evening was a raging symposium, a forum where it was all or nothing or something. Something sick and flayed, raw and crimson... Thats right, bring it on, tempt the audience- Can they listen to this ? Can they relate ? Will they let me finish ? Bring on the men in white shirts, wait a minute, the guys in the white shirts are part of the next act ! Oh, yeah.

Good lord, there were indeed some writers who could, and did, take you far far away and drop you in the middle of the ocean, or the street, or maybe, they're bed.

Some performers spoke directly to yourbrain- and died there, possibly became born there... Relating to your own secret colors and thoughts, moving you to ask the person next to you for another cigarette. No, there was no microphone at this Open Mike, but it was plenty WIDE OPEN. Ask anyone. Really though, the *real* show was what was happening all about the room- Thats why it did'nt so much matter who was dying, talking or singing away on stage. As there be people composing, whipering, winking, drawing, stoning and drinking, and then screaming ! People were making friends, making phone numbers, makin' and shakin' hands, greetings from all over the city and world. Some folks wanted to kill other folks. Some did, From the stage, or, from the audience. There were some 'in jokes", maybe too many. But none was made a fool of, or humiliated; and if it was seemingly taking place, then it was the performer themself who brought it on, or better, earned it. It's too easy to make fool of the one on stage. More often, it was the supposed heckler, who ended up the asshole. Constructive heckling is a whole different story. And that there was plenty of.

I have been told, on many occasions, that this here was the best Open Mike in all the five boros.. And yes, I have to agree, it was. Letting the forum go, was not an easy decision on my part. But, what I now know, after so much writing, sweating, sharing, relating to and fro, listening, listening, hearing and thenreally hearing something just barely there, just barley audible in this beast of a city, was someones fingerprints, audible to those who listened and cared, and came back for more, every Sunday. Excelsior No Rio !

Matthew Courtney
Master of Ceremonies

YOU SEE THIS HERE LIST ?! THAT WHOS IN THIS HERE ANTHOLOGY...(IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE THAT IS)

1 MARGUERITTE
2 SUZE BARON
3 DOUGLAS E. HENRICH
4 DALE WEBSTER GOODSON
5 LUCE BOTTE
6 TOD THILLEMAN
7 JAMES HONZIK
8 JACK ATHENS
9 JOHN RUSK
10 RAQUEL SHAPIRA
11 SARAH HAUSER
12 BARON VON BLUMENZACK
13 SEENA LIFF
14 JOHN S. HALL
15 JOANIE FRITZ
16 JOHNNY LANZ
17 MAGGIE ESTEP
18 BERTHA ROGERS
19 MICHAEL ZWICKY
20 MARTY
21 SENYA
22 SUE ANN HARKEY
23 BILLY SYNDROME
24 TOMMASO
25 GEORGE MOORE
26 ROBERT BAILEY
27 T.K. FOLGER
28 ATU ASU
29 ERIC EDDY
30 FRANK BOYER
31 TERRY McDANIEL BAKER
32 JEM COHEN
33 BONNY FINBERG
34 SARAH CHANA BREITROSE
35 WILLARD GELLIS
36 JOE BLADES
37 MICHAEL JONATHAN
38 GREGOR
39 K. LYNCH
40 J.D.RAGE
41 DAVID HUBERMAN
42 ALEXANDRA PORTAL
43 MEG McHUTCHINSON
44 DESMOND O'SULLIVAN
45 MICHELLE WERNER
46 ROGER MANNING
47 DONALD L. JACKSON
48 PETE HOWL
49 MITCH CORBER
50 JEFF D.
51 GARRICK BECK
52 REBECCA MOORE FREY
53 JAN SCHMIDT
54 ANDRE ANON
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57 MIKE RAMBAUD
58 MME. RAUB
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62 KEVIN MATTHEW EATON
63 LIZA PILLE
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66 NINA ZIVANCEVIC
67 SHARON GANNON
68 DAMIEN GREY
69 EVE TEITELBAUM
70 ROBERT PARODY
71 PETER KOZLOWSKI
72 LACH
&
73 GREG KLINE

# ANTHOLOGY
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# kimstar I

the lower east side
more real than anything
I've seen so far
there are people here
who stand in doorways
to catch the setting sun
who reflect
when it is time to reflect
even with graffiti bedsheets
filling windows/even with fat arms
resting on windowsills over avenue B
here men and boys spit/women do not
dark skinned children listen to their parents

trapped within myself/I float like
on a cloud of loud rock music
too absorbed to move away/yet knowing
it will eventually leave me deaf
I am here within myself/both the large and the small
the small reducing itself/not like
when the small was larger
here in the city I subdue the urge to
shovel up horse droppings for the garden

but am reminded of trails covered with snow
bare limbs and bulky clothing
boots with a good profile
I long for winter when the smell of urine freezes
when hydrants are wrenched tight

I sit in the laundromat/wait for a dryer
watch people shift their weight
from side to side/wanting desperately
to tell them they will last longer in neutral

avenue B between 3rd and 4th streets
7/27/87
MARGUERITTE

## keeping a distance

it is difficult
this keeping you out of my mind
this remembering always to forget
the comfort of your presence
your quick flash of a smile
and your mind
how it sent words rolling
off your lips like pearls
in combinations of color
i could never manage

i butter my toast/concentrate
on the sound of the knife
scraping across the bread
so not to drift again
in the direction
of warm eyes trying to look cool

---

it is late Spring and I have not yet said
                lilac or
                dogwood
nor have I touched velvet petals
walked barefoot in dew
at a Korean fruit stand
I press my nose to a peony
without fear of the bee

it is late Spring and the train moves north
                to oceans
                to seagulls
the sky broadens / angles of buildings replaced
green marshes / small rocking boats / swaying reeds
for me / because I love it / the engineer blows the whistle
I think of other trains
their sounds echoing down the chimney

Poems by MARGUERITTE

# HE'S DONE TOLD ME THE TRUTH

My husband
he's done told me the truth
didn't want me to hear it
from nobody else.
"Got me another woman,"
he said "got me a younger one
to clear the achin' from my bones."

My husband
he's done told me the truth
and the truth hurt me
It hurt my heart
and messed up my mind.

My head
my head got so mixed up
didn't know what I was doin'
'cause my husband
he's done told me the truth.

went out that night
and got me a shotgun
aimed it at his balls
and blasted through his ass.

My husband
he wont be needin'
no younger woman no more
I done took that achin'
from his bones.

by

Suze Baron

# IF I COULD FREE MY HEART

If I could free my heart
to love another man
I'd hug my husband
one last time
and note the guiltlessness
that I'd feel

I'd love that other man
for all the times
my husband did not come home
for all the times
he abused me
for all the unhappy
times in between

I'd take to the heavens
walk among the angels,
use the soft white clouds
to hold my head
If only I could free my heart
to love another man.

by

Suze Baron

DOUGLAS E. HENRICH
©1987

## THE POET

A THOUSAND STORIES
IN A MILLION TOWNS
GOING ON RIGHT NOW
SOME OF INTREST
MANY BORING
THEY SLIP RIGHT BY
WITHOUT A NOTE
THE POET SLEEPS

A THOUSAND PEOPLE
HURTING MILLIONS MORE
THE PAIN STANDS STRONG AND SURE
HE FEELS IT MORE
THAN MOST
AND WRITES IT DOWN FOR ALL
WITH HIS SOUL
THE POET WEEPS

A THOUSAND FACES
WITH A MILLION SMILES
THE AIR IS FREE AND CLEAR
THE TREE OF LIFE
IN FULL BLOOM
ALL THE PEOPLE HOLDING HANDS
AND SINGING
THE POET DREAMS

A THOUSAND BOMBS
FROM A MILLION GUNS
EXPLOSIONS LEFT AND RIGHT
WOUNDED CHILDREN
MANY DIE
THE POWERS OF MANKIND
HAVE GONE MAD
THE POET SCREAMS

A THOUSAND WORDS
FROM A MILLION THOUGHTS
FROM WHERE HE DOESN'T KNOW
SOME OF BEAUTY
MANY DARK
LET NOTHING STOP THE HAND
HE'S THE POET
THE POET WRITES

## FORGIVENESS

YOU DIRTY BASTERDS !
HA HA IT IS TO LAUGH LONG AND HARD
YOU DIRTY FUCKERS !
I HAVE WEPT FOR YOU AND BECAUSE OF YOU
A WHITE MAN HOLDS A BLACK MANS HAND
ONLY IN A DREAM OR
SAN FRANCISCO
A WOMAN IN LOVE AT THE DROP OF A KISS
BALL FOUR HONEY, TAKE A WALK
THAT ONLY HAPPENS ON FILM
I HAVE LENT MONEY
WHERE LENT MEANS GIVE
YOU CAN GIVE AND GIVE
AND THEY'LL TAKE IT ALL
UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT
BUT A SHELL OF CONFUSED EMOTIONS
WHERE THE SUN SHINES GREY
ON A RAIN SOAKED CONSCIOUSNESS
THANK GOD FOR HUMOR
I COULD NOT HAVE LIVED THIS LONG
WITHOUT LAUGHING AT MY OWN MISFORTUNE
AND I SEEK TO FORGIVE
DOWN ON MY KNEES
I TURN TWO BADLY SCARRED CHEEKS
AND IN MY HEART I DO FORGIVE
YOU DIRTY BASTERDS !

© 1986

DOUGLAS E. HENRICH

# UNTITLED

IT HAS BEEN SO LONG
SINCE I HAVE TRULY MADE LOVE
FOR I CAN ONLY TRULY MAKE LOVE
WITH YOU
YOU MAKE ME SAVOR THE FACT THAT I AM
A MAN
THERE IS NEW MEANING TO THE WORD
FEMALE
IT RACES MY SENSES
IT KILLS MY LOGIC
THIS LOVE IS IMMEASURABLE
AS IT CAN ONLY GROW
AND WHEN I DIE
IT WILL NOT
FOR LOVE IS A FEELING AND EMOTION
WITH UNLIMITED BOUNDaRIES
AND EVEN IF YOU SHOULD NEVER RETURN IT TO ME
MINE FOR YOU
WILL SING AND BE HEARD
FOREVER.

## along the mighty Hudson

at a spot where gays stare out from dark windows
one lone pier to walk out on, and stare back

one cup of that water and I'm dead
propellers mixing it up for the money market
one brown wave, one gray wave, one that stops
and sinks

I think of those close cropped heads and neat mustaches
celebrating the old party, stirring on barstools
quite uneasy, contemplating a cure
I think and look back at the windows, down at the water
back at the windows
I think and look

the wind blows in off the water like air from a fan
that's nice and stale, I think
and the word 'water' is a little old
what do those gays know anyway- sticking penises into butts
well, we're all hung up now and the view is just as I've
described it
out there, not quite up to it anymore, not quite
scenic

and farther down the way, the statue of liberty
with her back to it all
hey nurse
hey nurse

Dale Webster Goodson

## still party

guests sitting  six feet apart
some facing the wall
no alcohol  no punch
green juice with ice, though

one magazine
a listing of free clinics on the east side
with a newsletter in the middle
radio in the kitchen receiving
two stations at once, weakly

one man, (large face, wet hands),
in the dining room
holds a collapsing woman by the arm,
"You're the best part of everything," he murmurs

the host and hostess stand frozen
in the middle of the living room
"I'm Paul," he thinks
Gail's heart flexes her bosom like a mouse
her green drink is full
fifty invitations  seven guests
"We're bad," she thinks
"we're really bad."

Gorbachev is on the t.v. in the bedroom
his voice is animated
his conversation, clever
it's not enough

the clock strikes 9:20
eons have passed
one guest leaves something brown on the couch
the others are numb

tic tic tic
"Good night, Paul."
"Good night, Gail."
one by one they disappear
the empty rooms stand ready
the party is over

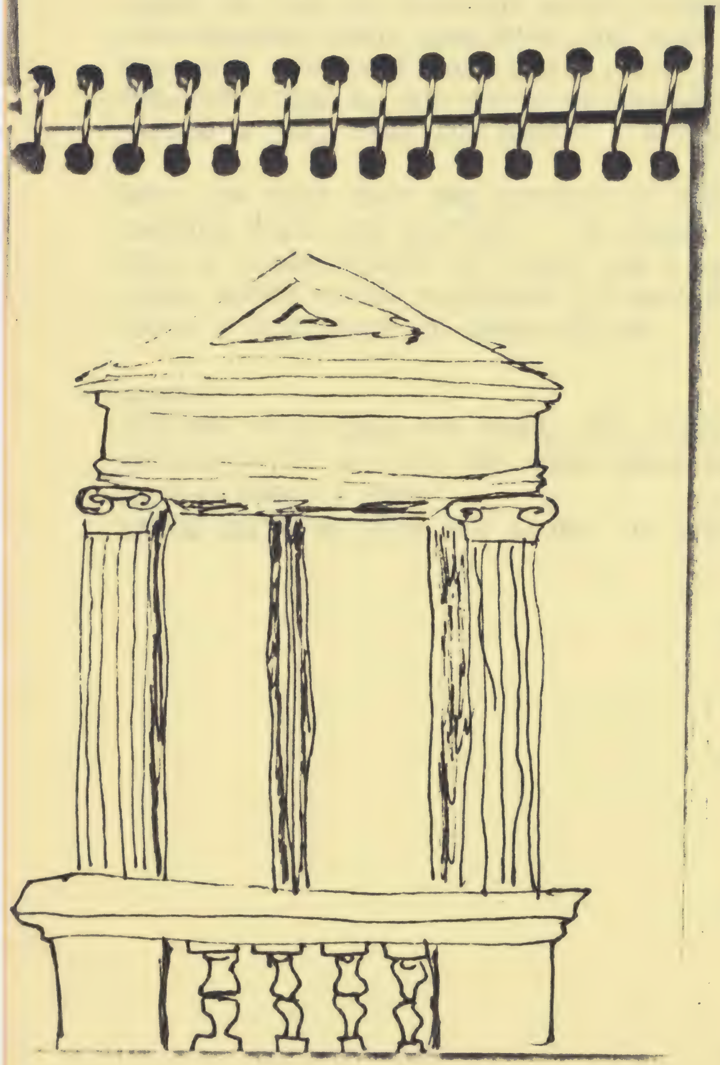
maybe it was the sauce
maybe the posters
Gail thinks, "Hanging's too good."
Paul has forgotten his name

Dale Webster Goodson

Early morning Firenze:

Woman

putting pink pillows
in a brown chair
on an iron balcony.



I made a discovery today - a hidden courtyard with grass and trees in an old church. Away from the street noise, I could clearly hear the wind in the leaves of the one large tree. A place to be, unmolested, with no guard hustling you through, a place you don't know exists unless you wander through a side door and down a flight of stairs discovering the heart of something. Others come, look, and in a moment they are gone. Do they see into my heart, aware of my prior claim and gracefully retreat? somehow knowing my need for privacy and there are many other churches to explore and leave this to the one, the solitary one, head bent, motionless save the wrist moving slowly across the page?

No one stays long in this unassuming courtyard; for me it's perfect. I think of Alice here and the inner square of the Honolulu Academy of Art. I miss her. The evening bells toll the beginning of the end of the day. I am transported. And I am very lonely.

In a moment I am gone without knowing it was time to go. It just was. And I am halfway up the stairs and out before I realize I've moved.

narrowly escaping the sweet sting of wasp

he

with canvas soul and

touseled hair like young deer in the morning

left

words unspoken

turned away

to write the moment

not live it.

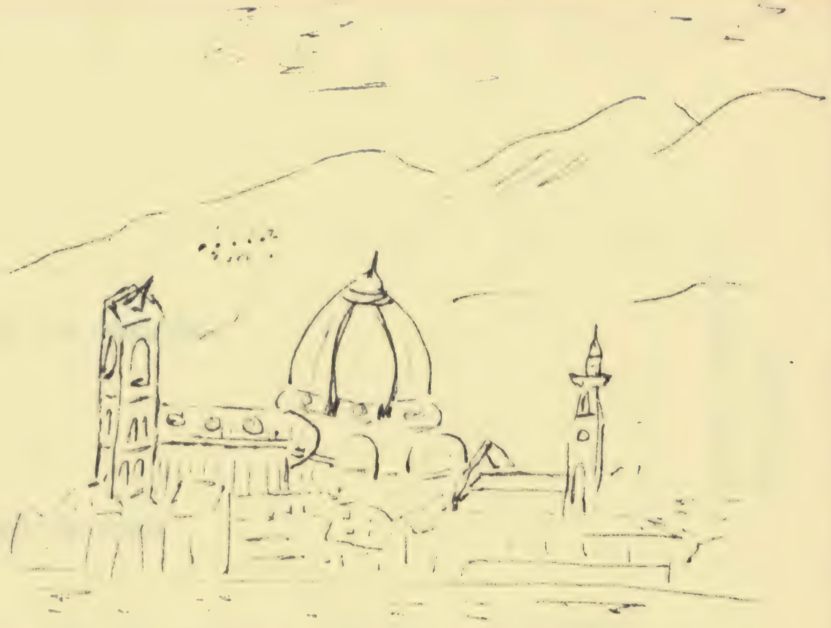
There is a thin line
of blue haze
laying on the city
this morning.

Ancient gods would simply
thread it to a spool
and wind it up.

FIRST BELLS at 5:58 am: faint, in the distance, only three. I wake.
Second bells at 6:03 am: also faint and few.
Big bells at 7:00 am: sweet and clear. The city waking.

Again I gravitate to Santa Croce. I tug at the front doors of my building, 12 foot wooden doors with a large circle of brass for a knocker, opening onto Via Ricasoli. It takes two hands to pull the door open and clatter it shut.

Taking a left past the Duomo, I stretch in the morning light at the Gates of Paradise and head down the long corridor of Via Caouilli. Elegant over-priced shops shuttered and mute at this hour usher me into the already high, already hot sun in the Piazza della Signoria which looks like every picture postcard of Europe you've seen since youth from travelling family and friends, from 6th grade textbooks, from museum and art gallery walls, on posters and advertisements until it stood for all the foreign countries of the world lumped together. There is an old ballet school in an ancient building of this piazza and in the afternoons you can sit at the outdoor cafe next door and hear the piano counting the class through its steps. I smile and think of Toni: she would love it here.



I move quickly through the large square passing that poor Sabine Woman hoisted aloft in the Loggia, dodging the fierce jet streams of the early morning street-cleaning trucks that can smash a wine bottle in the gutter at 25 feet. I follow the narrow Borge Greco down its winding path shaded by old three-story houses now made into apartments but still with the gracious stone balconies, until the next open burst of sun comes at the church square.

The same woman comes to feed the birds - the sound of hundreds of flapping wings as she throws feed into the air by the handful from her shopping bag. Wheels creak over the cobblestones from an old wagon loaded with wares being pulled by the strength of a single man's back. A motorcycle roars through the piazza with two govanni singing into the wind at the top of their lungs. A man walks his dog or lets his dog walk him. Water runs through the tiny ancient fountain. Sitting in Santa Croce, I listen to the city wake up.

20 luglio

I was rude. (Christian with his white sweater and bow tie.) Rude in the street, not wanting to be seen but turning too late. Little Christian. And I so hostile, not smiling; he being so polite and I feeling the remorse of being unkind. But then the next one and the next, on a night I want to work and not be seen, with two days of uncombed hair and unwashed face which I learn is so french by the "bon soir's" I hear for the first time. Is this what they look like in france, wild-eyed and wild-haired, with a grim face? The poachers are out tonight drawn by the americani like moths to the flame, tripping you in the street, pasteries on display for the choosing, every combination imaginable from all the world in every language asking the same thing with their dumb eyes and inarticulate hands.

Centro: it's a jungle out there baby, a jungle of tawdry bangles jangling like this phone I won't answer. Wind a path deep into real Italy where they leave you in peace. A woman alone. A walking target.

The beach. Tomorrow I'll go to the beach where hostility will float to the far horizon, drop deep into the soil of Egypt, and surface as oil for the next generation.

## Yin

Sun shining with gentle breeze;
a view of the Duomo and Palazzo Vecchio
from the bar terrazza of the Uffizi —
simply smelling the expresso is enough.
It's one of those moments Clarissa
Dalloway would crystalize.  I yawn
with satisfaction.  I want nothing.

## Yang

Last Sunday I went to Leonardo's house.
This Sunday Dante's.  The heart aches
because it cannot adequately encompass
the winds blowing through each corner,
as centuries whisper secrets
you desparately want to know.

## TWO WOMEN

There she is.  The same old gray-haired woman who has tended the vestments and sacristy in every church all over the world for centuries, four and a half feet high, talking aloud to herself or the Virgin, shuffling up the great marble steps of the altar in her house slippers.  We know her even though we haven't seen her in years.

I've been adopted by the laundress.  Thursday we go to her rented country house with her husband, daughter and horse of a dog.  There to meet the wayward daughter, married at sixteen, with two kids, who reads love books all day while the children run the countryside needing to be bathed (or so they say).

## BLOW UP

The pieces of the puzzle
are getting bigger, until, one day,
I will see a world
in each piece, of the puzzle.

In each piece there will be the same
emptiness and walking feet
pacing the room that no one knows,
that no one cares about.

I care about it,
that's where I work,
leaning over the glow of my eyes,
trying to listen to what I see.

## SHKIN

shkin
sh   sh
sh   sh

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm..................
waves
   crash
mindsound
   goes down

sh  sh  sh
sh  sh  shh  shhh  shhhh

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm........

sh  sh
mmmmmmmmm

sh  sh .....

Tod Thilleman

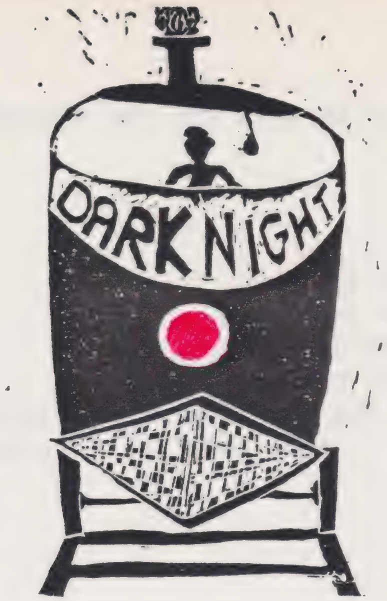
## AFTER

After
I left
home,
I
wandered to
places of far
away dis-
contented
vision.
I saw
myself
alone.
I visited
the graves
of those I
had known
and slightly
cared
about.
I
worked at
many
jobs,
most of
them
boring and
taxing
to the
nervous
system
and
its encounters
with
people. Once
they
flew
into my
room,
and
I
was
shocked.

Ghosts.

Then I
got
in a
car crash
just outside of
town,
with my
friend,
Mike,
whom I
haven't
seen
in
years. And
now
I'm
sitting
on a
plane,
waiting to
take
to the runway.

Tod Thilleman



BY
TOD THILLEMAN

A WINTER RELEASE

LIMITED EDITION

1

3

2

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in cooperation with the author thru
MEETING EYES BINDERY
651 Manhattan Ave., #2L
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# THIS IS MY PLAN FOR THE FUTURE

You got to
want to
take your own life,
those flesh and bones
away from disaster,
avert the main road,
run for cover from aliens
that call you tart-face.

In the barn
with no
body
around
you can take off your clothes

effortlessly

as if you haven't ever believed them yourself, even.

No game
is worth the price they're asking—
just for you to enter it.

Magic is a mugwort smile that chases
away the demons of the night
and beds down
with a continental airline hostess—
welcoming your one-sided behavior
to the winds of perfect yin-yang balance.

--(EXCERPTED POEM FROM DARK NIGHT)

with transparent hands you fashion
the fingertips of hours
into a necklace

and elegantly,
the evening penetrates.

white light breaks through
a laugh of orange,
pearls in liquid memory.

underneath the streetlamps
that cast shadows like tears on the walls
i light a naked cigarette
the city seems to take a breath
vacant buildings watch with shattered eyes
as highly wired late night scenes
slip on by
passing strange to hear
a corner payphone ring
no one knows i’m here i think
with clinical tone
hear a voice say
you cant get past the blood
that fingers thorough your veins

in desperation hail a gypsy cab
that’s passing through the intersection
don’t want to listen
don’t want to hear
just want a ride
i don’t know where

i end up at a tenement
and i walk down the steps
past the chain at the door
in the back of the room
through the cigarette haze
i see a black woman
standing up on the stage

sometimes life is tough she sings
holding on is all you can do
i just want you to know one thing
i’m holding on next to you

now i am sitting at a counter
underneath fluorescent flicker
in diner in the district
at the edge of town
truckers and hookers
country music on the jukebox
the waitresses here
have seen many come and go

sugar in black coffee
I’m remembering a tune
that I heard a woman sing
sweet soul in a smoke filled room

James Honzik

c 1987

# New Time

Yesterday I squashed a fly
Which was the reincarnation of
my deceased grandmother.

This notion struck me after the fact
While staring at her tiny carcass
On the back of a trendy magazine.

It did not occur to me, why
She returned as a fly
Or a Python,
Or a fifty dollar bill.

Those who are more mystical than me
Hasten to mention that maybe we two
Could talk.
Post-Earth
Her and me.
By way of arcane spirit channel.

And these disturbing thoughts
are beginning to interfere with my daily routine.
And clinicians suggest that it's because
I didn't cry at the funeral.

Jack Athens 1987

# MOOZE

BY jOHN rUSK

Zoozin my Camoozle
You're the epitath
of carmichael
You're lop this side of Esradear
the kalin die der fop
The link of momar mason
the sing of flippin kites
the earadish of a lop
eared porter
the karzimov of lights
You're the drindle in my Peter
the Koctash in my stew
the wholy aripomov
of an aripomov hew
You're push this side of Sinctar
and libblish delights
flizing tips the tropis dear
and glibble bits in kites
sing my morsanferry love and
trooze the evil torze
follow kind with kinder fear
and blink his orvle slorb
oze my ozen loze too true
and glize the zistil pore
the more we sip the less we talk
and overest once more
tooze my jewzel beezle tree
lize the kie on fey
my sose your frew my salanday
and salandaze me say
coz my coz my cozy dear
you're true my true to ray
lloze me zerentafter cow
zafter me in the hay.

# Love and Loveless

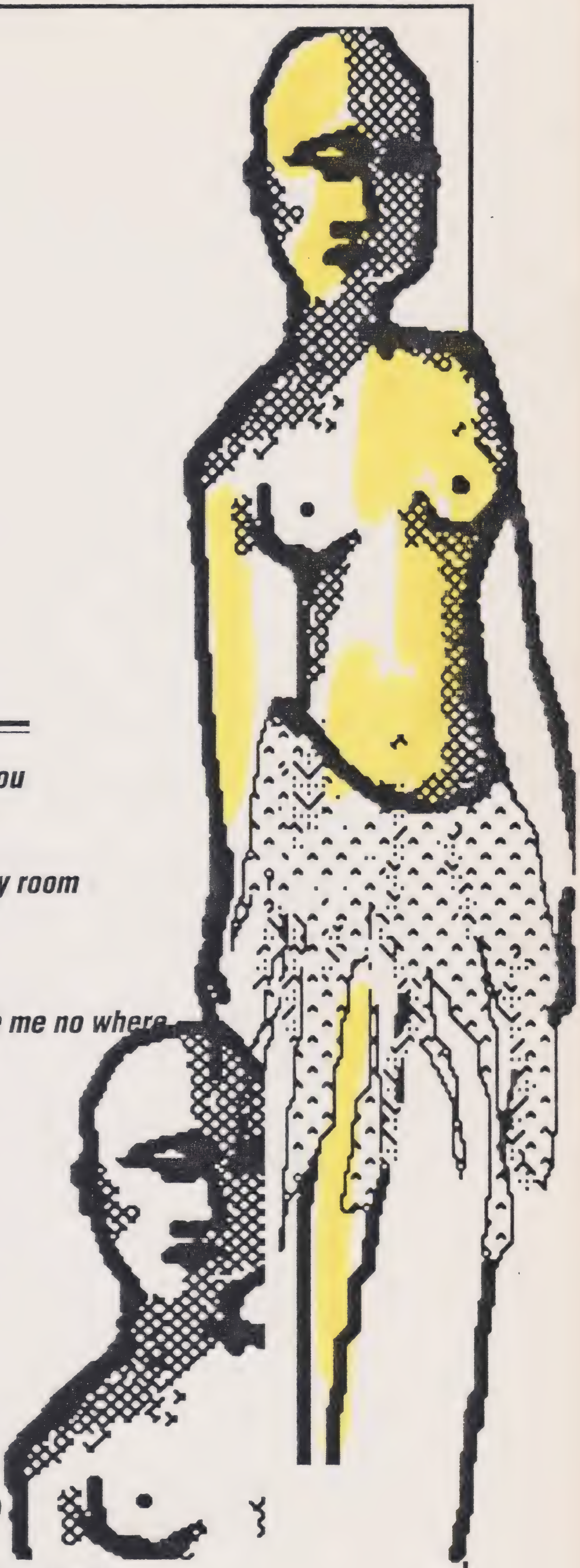
## 1.

*The words that I said*
*Dead*
*Take them back*
*Heard*
*My tongue in my teeth*
*Ache*
*We say the things we think are there*
*And we ask*
*Did I say ?*
*Did you say ?*
*Now she says*
*‘ I’m sorry ‘*
*The words that I swallowed*
*That are dead*
*That are heard*
*That are ached*
*in our throats*
*Now she says*
*‘ Forgive me ‘*
*With more words are no words*
*to be said*
*And yet so much*
*Was and*
*Will be*
*A slow learning process*
*She says*
*‘ I love you ‘*
*‘ Forgive me ‘*
*‘ I’m sorry ‘*

## 2.

*when I told you I loved you*
*I meant I lust you*
*now I don’t*
*your lips are as dry as my room*
*on a winter night*
*with heat*
*no open windows*
*your shifting moods take me no where*
*they empty my stomach*
*like a bad soap-opera*
*I shut my eyes*
*you are not there*
*I’m thankful*
*to be alone*
*the big bed to myself*
*the king size sheets*
*the pillows*
*the crawling roaches*
*all mine*
*I’ll spend my days with*
*Henry Miller*
*( lust between the lines )*
*be well my freind*
*I liked you better in my imagination*
*( my so poor imagination )*

*what color is your hair ?*



by *Raquel Shapira*

# JUSTICE

by Sarah Hauser

I just want this-just this-justice

Brutal young whites with too many rights
Beach the blacks then twist the facts
Boys will be boys-using crowbars for toys
Smashing some heads-turning black to red
Car crash-one black mash
See no cops-whites don't stop
Beat blood friend -leave him for dead
Run while they can with dripping hands
They get arrest but don't get depressed
Don't worry cause they have sympathy of the press
White boys were good-doing what they should
Blacks were wrong-went where they don't belong
White boys say innocent-no racial incident
Threaten the jury til they are set free

I just want this- just this-justice

Disorder in the court-disruption-corruption

Innocent jailed and the killers let go
Biggest criminals are running the show
I'm trying to make some sense of it all
And I just don't know
Where it is....

Every day a new celebrity
Getting famous for their immorality
Elevated-celebrated for lies and bribes
They've got claws for hands
And dollar signs in their eyes
Objects of envy-people watch them on T.V.
Corruption worshipped as a means to invincibility

Disorder in the court-disruption-corruption

King praises judge preaching sexism, racism
Moves him to his court to make big decisions
He gets opposition, but he won't listen
Just keeps on pushing and promoting fascism
Trading guns for drugs, acting behind people's back
Keep the masses high so he'll be safe from attack
Crackin' the whip, smackin' them down
Kick them out of their homes, put them in the ground
Invent deadly disease, infect gays and minorities
Anyone he sees as a threat to society
Steal from the poor, feed the rich more and more
When the sick man needs help, he slams the door
Bash his scepter down, so he don't hear the sound
The sound of the rumble coming up from the ground

I want justice!

Disorder in the court-disruption-tear down corruption

("Justice" con't.)

Jesus would be crucified
In no time
It's a crime
In this time
To re-align people's minds
The black cloud is settling over the sun
Acid rain has just begun
Delaration of Independence
And Constitution
Continue in their dissolution
Politicians deceive us by creating confusion
Crowds drown down in disillusion
Equal rights tear and divide
People scramble to either side
I search for morality-equality
But all I see
Is brutality
No liberty
Just pursuit of greed
Wish I could believe
True democracy
Was not just a dream
But reality...

Every night I dream of breaking the white walls
Setting free the justice they say is for all
Every night I pray that there is hope
That our dreams can be rescued from turning to smoke

I just want

justice

## A & R MAN by Sarah Hauser

I never take a risk
I never take a stand
I just play it safe
I'm the A & R man

I sit back and relax in my black swivel chair
People wait hours to see me but I don't care
Cause I'm the star of the show
Puttin you on hold
You know you'll never get me on the telephone!

Cause I'm the
King of my empire
Master of all musicians
They crawl on their knees
And they beg me to listen
I make them wait for days for me to make a decision
Then I say, Hey, I think there's something missin
Put your songs in the blender til they turn to slush
Mix them around til there's nothing but mush
Add sugar and schlock til I drown out all the soul
Then I say, Now they're ready for the radio!

-How about this?
It's too slow!
-How about this?
We don't want songs with a message!
-How about this?
It's too depressing and I'm too busy now so get out of my office!
-How about this?
I don't like his hair!
-How about this?
His nose is too long!
-How about this?
She's got no tits! So get out of my face and leave me alone!

I never take a risk
I never take a stand
I just play it safe
I'm the A & R man
I never take a risk
I never sign a band
I just play it safe
I'm the A & R man

-It's different
-It's original
-It's creative
-It's refreshing
-It's unique
-It's political
-It's theatrical
-It will never sell!

(con't on nxt. pg. )

("A & R Man", by Sarah Hauser, con't.)

You can forget about doing something real
I can't market this-you'll never get a deal
Cause I'm the star of the show
Always telling you no
You know they'll never play you on the radio!

I got no ears-but that's O.K.
I would never use them anyway
The only sound I like is the rustle of cash
Any records you give me end up in the trash
Only thing could make me sing is my fat paycheck
So I can wear a bigger gold chain around my neck
Why should I rock the boat when I'm riding high
I got a wife, three kids, two girls on the side
I'm sportin Giorgio Armanis-and a Seiko watch
Silk bikini underwear and designer socks
When I go out I get the pick of the crop
They all know who I am, so they all suck up
It doesn't matter that I'm uglier than Frankenstein
I walk into a room, and they stand in line
I got designer dogs, and designer rugs
A big expense account, and endless drugs
I got a mansion, servants, limosines, a big swimmin pool
To risk all this on you, I'd have to be a fool-
I go to the Bahamas, I get a tan
I watch struggling musicians put their heads in the sand
I never take a risk, I never sign a band-
My boss thinks I'm great
I'm the A & R man!

Everything you hear about my reputation is true
I take bribes on the side, and then I never come through
I swing both ways, I'll do your whole band
You think you bought yourself a deal, but I just screwed you again!
You think tomorrow you're gonna be signed
But then I get cold feet and I change my mind
I can jerk you around, because I'm in command
No-one questions me, I'm the A & R man
I'll smile and say yes, and get your hopes up high
Then I won't return your calls, and I'll never say why
I crush people's dreams, I don't even think twice
I can't feel a thing because I'm made out of ice
I had to be this way to get where I am
So that is why I'm the A & R man
I never take a risk-I never take a stand
I just play it safe, I never sign a band
Everybody genuflects whenever I pass
They all bow down just to kiss my ass
I got you all in the palm of my hand
I got a great life, cause I'm the A & R man!

copyright 1987-Sarah Hauser

***My guts twist as the walls get closer***
***bearing only myself on this life boat***
***sink or swim for those of you bearing weight***
***I want to burst into light as the Universe***
***chimes toll their bells for***
***you you and***
***I***

*The city reeks*
*of an odor whose*
*origin lies in capital gain*
*Arranged in time without*
*a trace of conceit toward*
*itself.*
*The nature of bricks*
*lights and glass*
*is veiled by the attitude of*
*twisted content.*

*When I reach into my pocket for change*
*I dont pull out nickel or copper.*
*I am yanking my guts out.*
*Here he or she is right in front of*
*me.*
*Its not the bottle that did it to them*
*The coins go out*
*I mostly walk by. No attention from me.*
*Who wants to know?*
*Who's friend are you?*
*Have you read any books before?*
*The red sores on your body,*
*the swollen hard bare feet.*
*The dried blood.*
*The missing leg.*
*Numerous black eyes.*

*What about today when I walked by the native american drunk*
*and the tall one with a beard. It was pouring grey and they looked miserable*
*sitting in front of a closed garagedoor on fourth avenue and 9th street.*

*I dream of space*

*of floating through this galaxy*

*Wet men dying for a drink*
*dream of warm beds unending taps*
*and swanky girls.*

*Warm new high tech world out there.*

*Space Migration Intelligence Increase Life Extension*

*Still beat of morn*
*Semi conscious lovers*
*Workers*
*Partiers*
*The night*
*is over.*

*Buried deep beneath the waves*
*lived civilizations who idolized*
*the Sun, Moon*
*And the brothers who died on Mars.*
*Then the Earth raged*
*and our ancestors fell victim to the sea*
*And continents rise and fall*

Now are the beginnings
What do we Idolize?
Sin,guilt, money, death and War.

Toward sentient beings we try to escape
The past
The old ones call us to the future
To show us the veils as they are
Veils placed by fools for our delight.
Single out yourself from the multitudes
No one else will
If you let them single you out---

Baron Von Blumenzack
1984

The people want sex.
Plague Carrier
Stay away
They died
"Did you know.....?
I hope your fuck
doesnt kill me
Mad cell burns right down to
the shine.

I may be an asshole but I dont have to take anyones shit.

## Avenue C and 9th Street

Across the street from my window,
the homeless have erected their
tepees on the rare, empty, as-yet-
unclaimed lot;
Anyone may enter, sit, share food, talk, stare.
The street people neatly park their shopping
carts on the sidewalk outside the
little campsite.
Now that it is October, when I peer out
my window at night, I am treated to sparks
and flames in the evening darkness.
Each day, when I walk outside, I am
accosted by this baffling conflagration
of city and country:
I-am-living-in-an-apartment-building,
they-are-camping-out;
I-have-a-stove,
they-build-a-fire, and so on.
A few years ago, they roasted a pig
here on the 4th of July.
In the muggy day, the
barbeque smoke permeated the neighborhood.
I was with some friends in a nearby
garden. My consciousness kept edging
toward their primitive/soul/abandonment/
freedom, as opposed to our bland
organized to-do...
These days, I find myself constantly looking,
looking, at their little settlement, as though
I know there is a very important
question-and-answer waiting for me
over there, in there, something to do
with permanence and fleetingness, and
much, much, more.
Some of their shopping carts are festooned
with bright red ribbons, American flags.
They park their shopping carts neatly, on the
sidewalk, in a line, waiting for sustenance,
waiting for deliverance, waiting for nothing.

Seena Liff

I HATE TO TYPE.
PLEASE GOD MORE + CHEAPER
WORD
PROCESSORS!

MY HEAD IS BALD AND MY PENIS IS LITTLE
MY NAME IS JOHN HALL WITH A "S" IN THE MIDDLE
AND THESE ARE SOME OF THIS YEAR'S POEMS:

### THE FINAL QUESTION

THESE PEOPLE
WERE INCREDIBLY INTELLIGENT
AND INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL
AND INCREDIBLY WEALTHY
BUT SOMETIMES, THEY
WOULD ACT INCREDIBLY STUPIDLY,
AND DO INCREDIBLY EVIL THINGS.
LIKE, FOR EXAMPLE,
WHEN IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT
WHEN THEY WERE PLAYING TRIVIAL PURSUIT®
WHEN THEY WERE CLEARLY WINNING,
BY A COUNTRY MILE,
WHEN THEY HAD ALL SIX PIECES OF THE PIE
AND NOBODY ELSE HAD NOTHING
AND NOBODY ELSE COULD EVER GET NOTHING,
THEY WOULD PURPOSELY MISS
THE FINAL QUESTION
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN
TO MAKE THE GAME LAST FOREVER

- 11/87.

(TRIVIAL PURSUIT® IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK).

### CHICAGO POEM

BAD PEOPLE
LIVE IN THE BASEMENTS
OF THE SEARS TOWER
I KNOW, BECAUSE
I'VE BEEN THERE
I'VE LIVED WITH THEM
AND BROKEN BREAD WITH THEM
I DID IT BECAUSE I HAD TO.
NO THAT'S NOT TRUE.
I DID NOT HAVE TO BREAK BREAD
WITH THE BAD PEOPLE
IN THE BASEMENTS OF THE SEARS TOWER
I DID IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO.
NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE EITHER.
THE FACT IS,
I'VE NEVER BEEN TO THE SEARS TOWER.
IN FACT,
I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN TO CHICAGO
THIS IS MY CHICAGO POEM.

-12/87

---

WHY NOT GET
MY SPOKEN WORD CASSETTE
AT CB'S RECORD CANTEEN
(BLEECKER + B'WAY)
OR THE FIRST KM (DFR)
RECORD, FLUTING ON THE
HUMP (SPOKEN WORD
+ MUSIC) KEEP IN MIND,
WE MAKE THESE PRODUCTS
4. U!

I HATE ALL MY FUCKING WORK. I'M SO TIRED OF IT. I WAS AN ASSHOLE FOR WRITING IT. IT ALL SUCKS. AND I EVEN READ THIS SHIT. TO PEOPLE. I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND. WHAT IF THE ALIENS WERE LISTENING IN? OR GOD? OR BOTH? OR IS THERE A DIFFERENCE? OR DOES ANYTHING MATTER? SEE, LOOK AT THIS, LISTEN TO ME JACKIN OFF AGAIN. YOU KNOW WHAT I SAID TO A SKINHEAD THE OTHER DAY? GROW YOUR HAIR AND GET A JOB! I WISH I WOULD SHUT THE FUCK UP!

-9/87

## THE LEATHER CLOWN

BACK IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, 4th GRADE I THINK IT WAS, I HAD THIS FRIEND, ETHAN. DURING LUNCH BREAK, WE USED TO GO TO 8th STREET FOR PIZZA + JELLY DOUGHNUTS. SOMETIMES WE'D GET AN ORANGE JULIUS® INSTEAD OF A DOUGHNUT. SOMETIMES WE'D GET THE DOUGNUTS, BUT INSTEAD OF EATING THEM, WE'D PUT THEM OUT ON THE STREET AND WAIT FOR CARS TO DRIVE OVER THEM.

BUT THE MOST FUN WE EVER HAD WAS, AFTER EATING, SITTING ON A STOOP EXCHANGING SEXUAL FANTASIES. SOMETIMES THEY INVOLVED ONE OF OUR CLASSMATES, SOMETIMES IT WAS A MOVIE STAR, AND SOMETIMES IT WAS OUR TEACHER, WHO WE BOTH SUSPECTED WAS SEXUALLY REPRESSED.

SOMETIMES I CLAIMED MY STORIES WERE REAL, LIKE THE STORY ABOUT THE LEATHER CLOWN. SHE HAD SHORT, SPIKY BLACK HAIR; SMALL, BUT PERFECTLY FORMED BREASTS, AND WAS ALWAYS KITTED OUT IN THE SAME OUTFIT: A LEATHER SKIRT, FISHNET STOCKINGS, FLOPPY SHOES, A BIG RED NOSE, A RIDING CROP, A LEATHER CORSET, A BIG RED SMILE PAINTED ON, A SILLY HAT, A PAIR OF LEATHER WRISTBANDS, WITH SPIKES, AND A BIG SHINY HORN, WHICH SHE WOULD HONK AND HONK DURRING SEX, UNTIL SHE HAD AN ORGASM.

WHENEVER THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN, I WOULD TELL ETHAN ALL KINDS OF KINKY CLOWN DOMINATION STORIES INVOLVING THE LEATHER CLOWN. LIKE THE TIME SHE MADE ME HAVE SEX WITH HER IN THE LITTLE CAR, OR THE TIME SHE KEPT SPRAYING ME WITH THE SELTZER BOTTLE, UNTIL I OBEYED HER EVERY COMMAND.

ETHAN AND I WOULD LAUGH AND LAUGH AT THESE TALL TALES, BUT I COULD TELL HE WAS ALWAYS WONDERING WHETHER THE LEATHER CLOWN WAS REALLY REAL OR NOT, AND I WOULD LET HIM WONDER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ETHAN'S DOING NOW. HE PROBABLY WORKS WITH COMPUTERS AND SPENDS A LOT OF TIME AT THE CIRCUS. I KNOW I DO.

-6/87

(ORANGE JULIUS® IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK)

"IF ONLY" AND "THE LEATHER CLOWN" WILL BE INCLUDED ON THE NEXT KING MISSILE (DOG FLY RELIGION) RECORD, THEY, SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE IN MAY 1988. THANKS TO GOD AND MATHEW, AND ALL THE REST OF YOU ALL.

—JOHN S. HALL.

## IF ONLY

IF ONLY
WE COULD TURN
OUR HEADS INTO
MELONS
THEN WE COULD
SQUEEZE THEM
AND THEY WOULD
PRODUCE
DELICIOUS JUICE
IF ONLY
WE COULD TURN
OUR HEADS INTO
BREADS
WE COULD SLICE
OURSELVES UP AND
MAKE SANDWICHES
IF ONLY WE COULD
TURN OUR HEADS INTO
CHEESES
WE COULD JUMP INTO
A MUSHROOM OMLETTE
AND MAKE IT TASTE
OH SO MUCH BETTER
IF ONLY WE COULD
TURN OUR HEADS INTO
LEAVES OF LETTUCE
HANGING OUT IN THE
SALAD BOWL WITH
TOMATOES AND CARROTS
SOME BLUE CHEESE
DRESSING ON TOP
THAT WOULD BE QUITE
FINE, I THINK
IF ONLY WE COULD
DO THAT.

BUT WE CANNOT. WE
CANNOT TURN OUR HEADS INTO
ANY KIND OF FOOD AT ALL. IT
SIMPLY CANNOT BE DONE
WE MUST LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR ANSWERS

-5/87.

# WOMB FOR RENT

It's 1°, a miniscule and infantile temperature
Saliva freezes in mouth, mucous coagulates nose
Blood curdles in carotid artery
N I FEEEEEL glands popping with the
assured predictability of Plutonium in milk

Nuclear energy in an unheated tenement
Four frozen hands cut shriveled vegetables
dying of neglect and indifference
Heat water, bathe fully clothed
Numb bottoms of feet devoured by
too many pairs of socks kill circulation
Frostbite a nightmare of amputation

Cut off — as surely as Siberia
Sentimentality for those ludicrous palm trees.
I want to run off to the land that once was warm for me
The land that betrayed me with lush mirage
California, I still miss you —
But not much

NYC is a popsicle urine-blood, snow sherbet city
Italian ices/frozen mobsters
Unflinching prices/steak and lobsters
Fiorucci/Mother May I

Please come home to your overheated
Southern Califonia womb/tomb
Your thermostat at 87° in your fear of drafts
You keep your windows clothes
and smothering sweaters buttoned, uptight
Cognitive dissonance in the double okay chorale

Mama I'm freezing, and I know your mommish bosom
can't give me what I need
Where can one go on this planet and not glow?

Impending ice age fusion melts my polar nightcaps
Fission on rye, hold the fries glowing on apartment walls
our fairly frequent coast-to-coast calls
are censored, tenser than the past
"We'll talk about it in person," you say
McCarthyism more real to you than I
And what we both — we all have to fear
is whether this globe can withstand another year
Oh mamapapabrotherbubba
aunt-'n'-uncle cousins-'n-friends
Will we live to see one another again?

When Dad's dad left the Warsaw ghetto in 1924,
his young wife and five small children
hung wistfully in the door
They knew nothing of the impending holocaust
The cost of nationalism in a Poland that was Jewkill fed
And still I mourn for Poland,
Oh Poland I am wracked with dread

Mama says, "To hell with Poland, let them rot
The peasant soldiers beat and shot Jewish children
Even your own father was tormented by the Polski boors"
Am I to explain the complex system which turns
scapegoat peasant against peasant - one wrung low
Always gots to be some kind o' nigger burning
And the government, benign and lofty holds its greedy parcels

No, Mama - no history lessons on the phone
I leave you to read your Marx and Engels, Goldman and Trotsky,
Machiavelli and Simone Weil in the comfort
of your warm toasty Southern California home
California, sometimes I still miss you -
But not much

Dad, musical prodigy with your four clever sibs
Processed eight years later through Ellis Island
in the nick of time, yellow stars on your bibs
Dad, you speak over fifty languages.
Do advanced calculus while humming snatches
of Paganini through your vitamin-starved teeth
Do you know what a PWR is?
Do you know what faults American reactors sit upon?
Do you know how documents are
a sickly parallel to geological weakness?

"Soft," you say
"When I was a child in Warsaw," you say -
You don't say!
Yes, we are a soft nation,
Strikes and wars perenially averted from these shores
And the tension/tensor/tenses
How long before the climax?
Can it be calculated? Did that trig
$3.7x10^{10}$ eats through grams of human tissue
Higher mathematics shift the focus, yet I see
only a fraction, a complex one at that
And I cannot understand it

What will I leave my progeny, the children I choose
to never have? What legacy, what bootleg —
I boot them into a world so polluted, poisoned and paranoid,
So totally taken with immediate
gratification/profit motive/capital expenditure of lives
I leave it to the multinational interests to account for this!
And they do, their accountability is impeccable
They are responsible — on paper

And with my progenitors, I can only share
this ever-present vise of nuclear family anxiety
I am also responsible — on paper — hence,
I leave you with warnings about

Bechtel Corporation, who employs Ph.D.'s in anthropology
to develop nonverbal cuneiform tablets, to be
dropped into time capsules and buried
half a mile deep in this puckered, Rad-ridden earth
so that future progeny born 10,000 years from now will be forewarned about the buried nuclear waste left for them today
Here's your vested nested cosmic egg
I say hope, chest
Gee, hope ya don't rot, kidz!

It's 1°, a microscopic and childish temperature
Saliva mingles horror in encephalopathic mouths
Strontium 90 sinus modules coupled to
Sony walkmen, plugged
inculcated/exacerbated/exasperated N I FEEEEL
glands pop with the assured predictability of
Plutonium in milk
Mama, can I come home now and be healed?

Joanie Fritz, winter 1984

# I Hate!

I Hate Highway Cops They Dont Deseve
The Leather They Wear!
I Hate yuppies how would They get laid
without Money!
I Hate Society!
I Hate most People!
I Hate 5th Ave women unless Thier
gassed & nude!
I Hate Madison Ave Clothes!
I Hate Politics!
I Hate Metal Buildings!
I Hate Iranians!
I Hate Cab Drivers especially iranian ones!
I Hate Bad Comedians!
I Hate Southern Calfionia!
I Hate The Beach!
I Hate Body Builders!
The men I mean.
I Hate white pocketbooks!
And people with no Balls!
I Hate the way Blacks say
Mother fucker!
I hate ophra Winphrey Too!
I Hate polester!
I Hate Hey Baby wanna Dance!
wanna Ride!
I Hate people who always wanna!
Why Dont they Just say wanna Fuck!
I wanna get to know you!
you asshole!

I Hate meter maids!
+
girls with no ass!
I Hate meter maids with no ass Double!
I Hate Ninja Bikes!
what The fuck is a Ninja Bike anyway!
I Hate this Lady who's holding a
newspaper under her Dogs ass
while it takes a shit!
+
People who pick up Dog shit
in Clear plastic Bags!
I Hate this poem or whatever
it is!
I Hate Country Life!
I Hate Traffic Jamns!
I Hate waiting. I Hate plaid shirts!
I Hate little chiwawas!
I Hate Boring People!
why Dont They Just Die!
I Such a Rebel I even Hate
most Rebels!
I Hate Jocks! except for
Mickey Mantle + The yankees
of Course!
I saw an old Lady on
a bicycle with a Suit case
on the Back and
I Like Her!!!

Johnny Lang

MAGGIE
ESTEP

## Elsie

Elsie is the born and bred, die hard, kick ass Avenue "D" girl who runs the computer at work. She just started a coupla weeks ago and I knew we were destined to be friends when, on her first day, she came over to my desk and exclaimed: "Man, this work shit is for the birds." Next day, she was in a shambles. Turned out her boyfriend had dissapeared without a trace. All thru the ensuing week, she spent every non working minute ploughing the streets of Spanish Harlem and the Lower East Side, trying to find someone who knew something. She marched into morgues, called police stations, all to no avail. The weasel was nowhere to be found. In the midst of all this, her ex mother in law would call her at work every day just to remind her that she is a no good slut. Being as my desk is right next to Elsie's, I'd get an earful of her flying Spanish tongue: "I don't know who the hell ya think yer talkin' to... No, you're the slut... Tu eres una puta maldito.." Hanging up the phone, Elsie would steam over to my desk and spew forth a little more. Anyway, a week goes by and finally her weasel boyfriend turns up at Rikers. Elsie was not pleased. Hell, I wasn't pleased. I was ready to beat his face in myself. So Elsie goes out there to Rikers and while she's waiting to get her weasel out on bail, she runs into some charming goon who's about to be parolled. They exchange phone numbers. The next day, Elsie's little brother gets thrown into Rikers for being on the wrong side of the avenue at the wrong time. So now Elsie's supposed to go bail him out and still the ex mother in law is calling and now the charming parollee from Rikers is calling too and hell, it's all I can do to even hear about this shit and this girl is living it. Anyway, her life has calmed down this week and I guess she finds it boring and of course I'm not exactly ecstatic about work so we throw office supplies at one another and exchange dirty jokes. And I gotta say, I probably would have quit days ago it it weren't for Elsie's kick ass existence.

## Scene with Raindog

Raindog woke up. He pushed the cardboard box away and stood. He could feel the grating's imprint on his skin. He looked up at the moon. It seemed rather dead. He was hungry. He felt around in his pocket. The kitchen knife was naked in his pocket. He started walking and the rain was slamming down. Very cold rain. Bone biting rain. He walked down the street, the rain was slamming down. He was hungry. He saw a small old lady walking ahead of him in the rain. Her steps were small and careful. Her arms were weighted down with two large shiny plastic bags. Raindog saw a banana peeping out from one of the shiny bags. The kitchen knife was naked in his pocket. The small old lady walked. The kitchen knife was naked in his pocket the moon looked dead he was hungry he pulled the kitchen knife from his pocket, caught up with the small old lady and brandished the kitchen knife before her face. She screamed, Raindog screamed, dropped the knife and ran away at hellhound speed. He went back to the grating he pulled the cardboard back over himself the moon looked dead he felt around in his pocket and brought out his harmonica the rain was beginning to soak thru the cardboard the moon looked dead he blew a few torn notes into the harmonica he was hungry he lay beneath the sagging cardboard the grating was imprinting itself on his skin he blew more mad notes he looked up but the dead moon wasn't there instead the small old lady was bending down to him there was a banana in one of her hands, his kitchen knife in the other she handed him the banana first then the kitchen knife she said : "Sir, I think you dropped your knife." Raindog tried to smile but had forgotten how the small old lady walked away Raindog ate the banana skin and all and fell asleep beneath the sagging carboard and the dying moon.

" Commas are something to hang your coat on..." - Gertrude Stein

## Rembrandt and Hendrickje

### at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Rembrandt,
they've hung you
on this green silk wall
in this house of art.
Your presence holds the room,
like the image of a deity
in a sanctuary,
your ruddy Dutch face
reflective in the light
you've pulled
from some introverted sun.
Fifty-four years old,
and still your graying hair curls
under the truthful painter's hat,
still your shoulders spread strong
in the prosperous painter's coat
you must have kept
from the Bankruptcy Court.
Rembrandt,
you look out at me,
but no one ever owned
such an eye-inward look,
was ever so in-directed desolate.

They've put Henrickje Stoffels
in the next room.
If you could look
slightly to your left,
if your eyes
could angle around the doorway,
you would see her
hanging in the corner,
her luminous glance
down-looking,
and to the right.
You've dressed her plain body
in a fur-trimmed mantle,
its tipped ends glinting
in the sun slowly coming
from her sick, her tired face,
its edges
pulled modestly together

by her farm-thick fingers.
As you look inward,
looking for her,
she leans,
compassionate, toward you.

You've married these paintings
with the same shades
of Venetian red, raw siena, burnt umber;
you've caressed gentle Henrickje,
your articulate hand
holding your most intropsective brush,
in this final study.
Surely you intended
her portrait
as pendant to yours;
surely you acknowledged,
in this tender likeness,
the Church-admonished fornicator
as your wife.

Women lived to be loved like this,
Rembrandt;
to be cherished,
as you cherished, Hendrickje.

Bertha Rogers

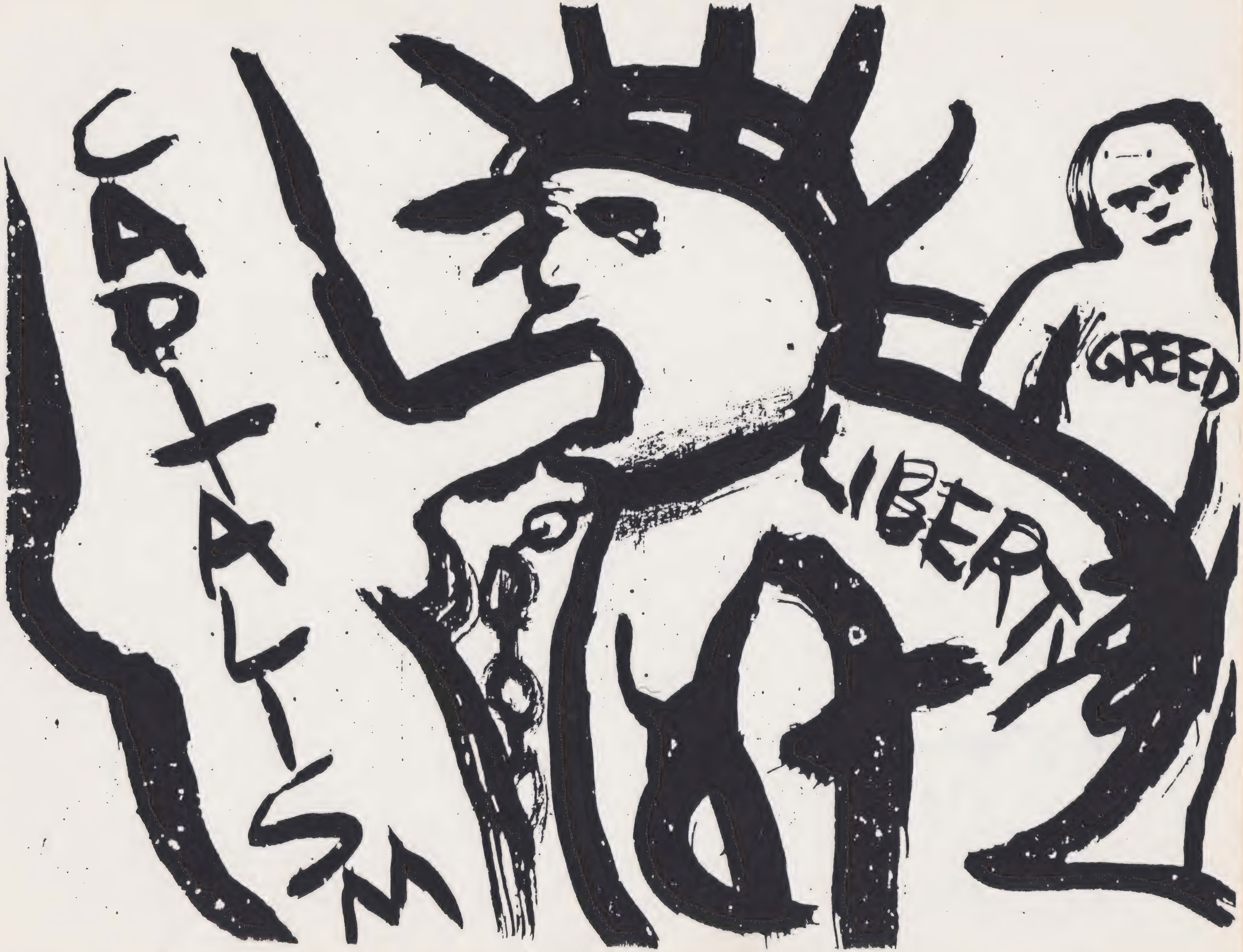
## To Vincent

There were voices,
telling you
to watch for signs,
to be careful.
But you wouldn't hear them
in your staggering rush
to God.

Or you replied,
"I have painted
three more big canvases...
vast fields of wheat
under troubled skies."

Certainly you knew
that palette knives
and paint
held your articulation,
were your transportation.

Bertha Rogers


CAPITALISM
LIBERTY
GREED

1987

44.150

# Brother

"I half to live next to you!" He stopped breathing for a minute to catch his breath, then went right on, pumping at his chest, rasping at his throat, almost choking once in a while, eyes wild & wide, hair cocked & bending into rivulets of sweat.

She ran on, out of earshot, proud, sure, socks settled down around her ankles, at the lips of her cushy Puma shoes, which kicked a steady practiced pace. The dog races easily, though madly, back and forth between the two, hovering at one a minute , looking as if she'd been there all day , then darts again to the other. She shows no anxiety, just putting in stints on a regular route.

But she is a dog, and clearly eveready to be a dog. The boy feels her presence. Pats her and says "Thank you." Completely out of his character.

He trips, catches himself, yells, "Slow down! Come back!" She says to relax, she will meet him on the second round, but he doesn't hear, she has never run twice around before, it would be hard to hear. She is feeling strong, he is feeling weak, they do not hear each other's moments, each other's worlds, they do not stop to talk. She rounds the corner, out of sight. He stops. He does not remember the way.

The dog, Cherrie, does not like this. She is torn. She likes to run. She finally goes back to the boy. She has trouble finding him. It is hard to believe he is back that far. He is crying. She sits by him where he will notice when he looks up. He does not see her yet. She is a dog.

He stops crying. He feels a huge peace. He realizes he is sitting on a bench. The bench was made for him. He sees the

(over)

## Top

Sliding glass doors onto the porch,
Birds chirping above the traffic,
Unclear air,
Same bath towels as last time,
I awake at John's again.
I lean over and look down to see the twenty-three
     tiers of repeated balconies,
But see a dry needle & oak leaf throw rug over
     bedrock right up against my face.
Are these the same sparrows?

Standing back and stunned, I look out across at the
     old sea of tops of buildings,
But see only the tops and thighs of trees, both
     large and small, close and far, punk
     hairdo-ing the haystack mountain and friends
     across the valley.  Laurel blooms in two
     shades.
Are these the same oaks, grown tall and towering?

Of the grid of streets and city blocks, all trace
     is lost.  There is no pattern in the trees.
I squint & screen for the slightest sign of small
     toy cars below.
Are buildings lost in underbrush, as we had dreamed,
     in rooftop groves -- in elevated, estimated,
     6 to 8 feet of top soil?

Spinning, I think out loud, "This could not happen
     within the week."
Am I the same man?

And John,
John;
How does he do this?

— Marty 6/87
Box 2565 F'sted
St. Croix USVI
00840
(see note on
Senya's
page)

— Marty 10/8/87

---

dog. He does not see beyond the bench and the dog for a long time. His hair relaxes.

She comes around the corner behind. He sees the dog perk in her direction. He gets up and runs ahead of her for a whole block. He remembers the way easily. She catches him. She is tired, breathing hard. They run home together. They say nothing.

May 21st 87

With sounds of rain forest reverbaratin within, through the window I/eye notice five white birds flyin west, as the metal bird we are in taxi for take off.
In flight there is nowhere we can go that is beyound the grace rays of love even up here above the clouds, I feel the suttle touch of love's infinite hand.

Flyin over the murki sea surroundin N.Y. City and Islands, seein the dirty difference in the water, glydin over a sea of airplanes to a bumpy landin, touch down.
In a crowded city with so many homeless, it's difficult to find a place to rest.
Many phone calls later John takes us in, his bachelor apt. on 2nd Ave. an 83 St. shared with maps books magazines and his self assembled t.v.'s, on the 26th floor, six floors below the top.
22nd May
Above the din of trrafic sparrows can be heard, Marty is an excellent travelin companion, introducein me to the trees an birds of his childhood. Cardinal, one in south Central Park landin twice on an ancient rock observin us, then disappearin among the trees. Starlins grackles and robins sourround us.
Anett in Kimani meet us at 72nd an 5th. Voices of children in the playground and the roar of traffic engulfes us.
We sit an watch the children play as we speak of past present in future playin the flutes in spaces where there is one sound.
Marty takes a short nap on a playground bench still digestin the blueberry and corn muffins we had at breakfast with Jill, Clara's mother.

As we ride the bus to visit Rashidah, I reflect on a vision in the subway. Through the grimy window a sign says Bliss St., but all the faces that flash by look unhappi.
City livin takes the joy out of allmost every one.

In the park, adult Asians picnic an play leap frog, while two squrrells look and listen to bamboo flute sounds.

In this seeminly hostile enviroment, we feel secure because the god we know is were ever we are and in all our sisters in brothers even though they know it not.

Sycamores elms birches oaks maples, lindens, ginkos, and much more, beautiful trees, I cherish the company of their majestic presence lookin over us all.

In Ny York we read at Outrigger pub, the Centerfold, a place for the arts in a church, and the A. B. C. Rio, all on Manhattan. In Brooklyn we read at the Brooklyn Underground.

Speakin with Chanti in Baba on telephone, for the first time hearin each other's voice, yet to me all sounds an feelins are so familiar.

Ridein the subway to an from cumunity radio station WBAI I recognize all the faces I see though we have never met before.

Havin the feelin that I've viewed this life's movie over and over again, but it's so great I enjoy the reruns, even though some of the scenes are only almost live.

A large flight of piegons perhaps 100 or more move as one undulatin wave of wings, flyin in spaces above the street, between sky scrapers.

In the park I can hear sounds of leaves on trees dancin in the breeze mingled with voices of birds and people speakin in various languages: broken English Spanish an Chinese.

The new moon smilin in spaces between tall buildins, still look the same, as we ride the bus goin to a poetry readin flashin true the neon night.

All along the street in entrances to subway or port authority, it's like enterin some ones bedroom. There are people liein down asleep everywhere.

Some sit up half alert surrounded by all the things they possess.

Anett see us off as we take the bus to Bethlehelm. The iron tonic she just made an gave to us is half finished by the time we get on board.

Before leavein N.Y. Shitty we call Rashidah an say a farewell by flute on her answerin service. Daoud makes the connection.

(over)

There is so much I can say, but I won't.
What little I do say will have to suffice.

I try my best to avoid the social constipation that seems to be the ruin of almost every nation.

The beauty of the souls I've met cannot be described, but all who know themselves know what I feel.

Through the window of the bus comunities of free flowers still see us and smile, as we seem to flash by.

Seein Seven hawks dancin in circles above, while ridin the bus, this thought comes to mind.

True the grace of the Allmighty we have been alive forever, and there is nothing we can do to not live forevermore. We are in this body for a time and to leave it is no crime.

So when the time has come to offer up our last attachment, don't cry. Sing and dance one more time.
This is something we have done over and over again, so life and aparent death becomes familiar.

On arrivin in South Bethlehelm the bus makes a schuduled stop a few miles from the stop we are to come off at, so we sit on the bus, Marty readin, I writin in this travel log.
Just then a familiar voice outside says, Want to get off here? It's Marty's father. Longin to see his wanderin son, he has traveled to this stop on the way, to meet us with joy. We grab our bags, get in his car, givin greetins to each other while following at a liesurely pace behind the bus we were ridin on.
We meet Barbara. She prepares food. We eat an relate experiences. Her daughter Joan visits. We enjoy meetin also Barbara's son David. We visit with him.

In the city of brotherly love. We feel sisterly love also. Kim in Terri rejoice to know we have arrived. Recivein directions on telephone, we go to where their families gather.
We pray on instruments praisein Most High, for each other's presence. Renewin our acquaintance an meetin the children that were born since we last saw each other. Atu and Bob, husbands to the sisters and lovin fathers to their children, welcome us also, all joy.

On same day we arrive in Philly, we do poetry at open readin held at place called Bacanall. We are well received.

Day after next, poet Ashack and Senya are featured readers. We pray on instruments and do oral poetry. Everyone is joyous. One love prevails.

Day after next, Carolann in Marty featured readers at Nexus Art Gallery. Sweet sounds of earth harp, brimbau, mbirra shackers in bambu flutes, ring with radience. David reads some sonetts to everyones enjoyment.

Stayin with Bob in Kim in famili peacefull meditations in the cellar light in sound inside in out. I seem to be leavin there . Embraces in kisses are exchanged.

Marty comes for me from Bethlehelm. We return there together. Don in Barbara greet us. We visit where they work at Lehigh University.

Poetry readin at Godfree Daniel's: Carollann is mistress of Ceremonys. In one poem I hear all, in all I hear one.

On the road again drivein through Pennslyvania, we stop to take a leak. I pick daiesys for my Mother. I has been five years since I gave her flowers. It's so good to see my mother in father sisters nephews an neices.

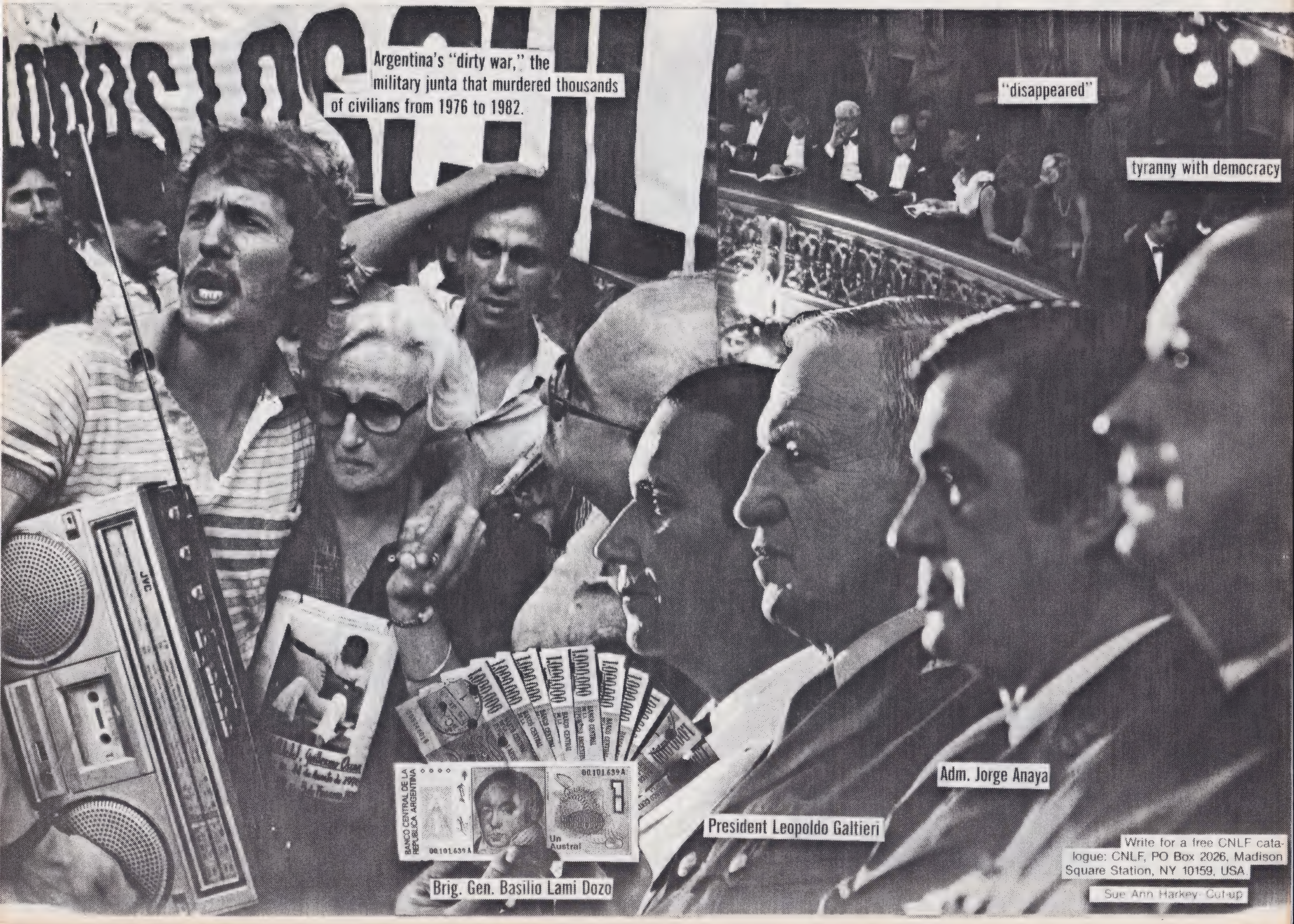
With Marty at the helm we cruise true the capitol city like a sunday afternoon drive. Seein hearin companion souls that emerged from the same womb once again is truly a blessin.
Jumpin so high with joy, Marty is afraid my sisters will go true the roof. Somehow they manage not to.

Who can write all that is said?
God talks too fast.
There is so much poetry everywhere, we can't write it all down.

We see the foot prints of a dove in flight . It seems hard to belive such an impression could be left on thin air.

—Senya

**Note:** Senya & I travelled reading poetry across the states, east to west this summer ('87). This is the 1st 6th of Senya's travelogue. Sadly for us left behind, Senya rose to his freedom while hiking in the Canadian Rockies near Banff in August. To receive Senya's complete poetry & writings, write: Marty, Box 2565 Frederiksted, St. Croix USVI 00840 (or mine)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"disappeared"
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Adm. Jorge Anaya
President Leopoldo Galtieri
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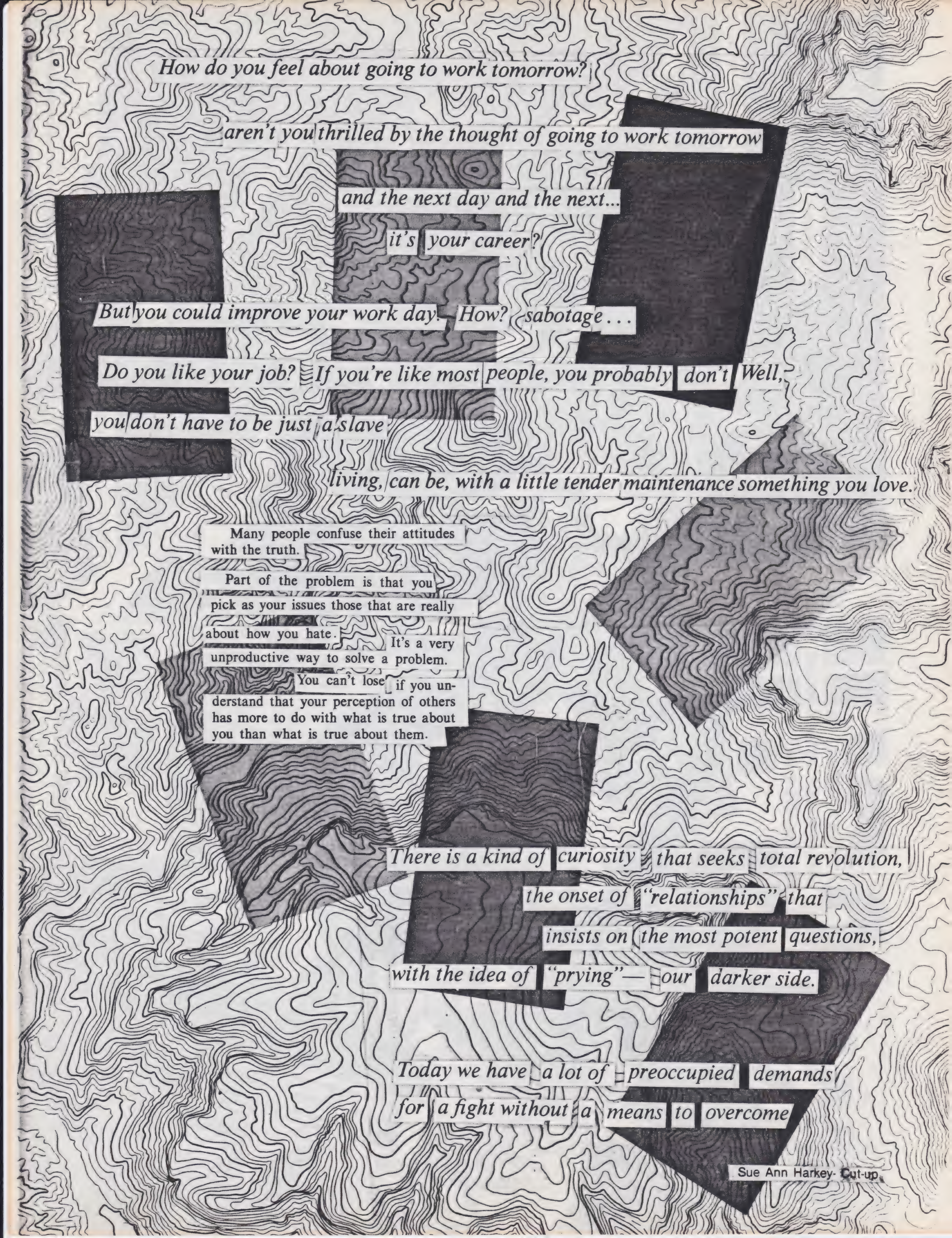
Sue Ann Harkey Cut-up



*How do you feel about going to work tomorrow?*

*aren't you thrilled by the thought of going to work tomorrow*

*and the next day and the next...*

*it's your career?*

*But you could improve your work day. How? sabotage . . .*

*Do you like your job? If you're like most people, you probably don't Well,*

*you don't have to be just a slave*

*living, can be, with a little tender maintenance something you love.*

Many people confuse their attitudes with the truth. Part of the problem is that you pick as your issues those that are really about how you hate. It's a very unproductive way to solve a problem. You can't lose if you understand that your perception of others has more to do with what is true about you than what is true about them.

*There is a kind of curiosity that seeks total revolution,*
*the onset of "relationships" that*
*insists on the most potent questions,*
*with the idea of "prying"— our darker side.*

*Today we have a lot of preoccupied demands*
*for a fight without a means to overcome*

Sue Ann Harkey- Cut-up

# THE RESOCIALIZATION OF SSUP TAC

narrator Tune In! Turn on! Drop Out! And so it was that Ssup and the passenger got off the train through the brain and wound up...

Ssup So um...where are we?

Passenger That's a good question

Ssup Anyone in the audience know where we are?

Audience ABC NO RIO?

Passenger Yeah!, that's it, we're at ABC NO RIO

Ssup But how did we really get here?

Narrator Stranded in the counter-culture the truth becomes apparent.

Oral Roberts excuse me kids, you have 8 million to spare?

Ssup beg your pardon?

Oral Roberts you have 8 million dollars to spare?

SSup um...no but I'll smoke this joint with you...

Oral Roberts REPENT SINNER!! JUST SAY NO TO THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE DEVIL!! But it's not too late, you may still be saved from the firely pits of hell by giving me 8 million dollars!

Ssup do I get a monogram hankerchief?

Oral Jesus loves you!

Narrator SUDDENLY the skys open up and a wall of water pours on their heads!

Mathew Courtney Oh no!! I don't believe it!! Say it ain't true!!

Ssup It ain't true

Oral Repent in the name of Jesus!

Mathew Damn landlord!!

Oral Don't use the lord's name in vain!!

Mathew Damn broken water pipe!! I can't book shows in a puddle!! This is it!!

Oral Eternal damination!

Ssup Hey! This doesn't have to be the end of NO RIO!!

Mathew You can't fight town hall - - and they're the landlord!

Ssup Hey! We're talking about the American Pioner Spirit! We can't give up! We'll go down swimming!

Mathew A beach party!

Ssup Yeah, that's it! Give me a inflatable raft life perserver!

Oral It will rain for 40 days and 40 nights... ...God will wash the hounds of hell, flood you away...

Narrator Welcome to Atlantis! Will NO RIO be washed out of existence? What does the future hold? A myth? A legend?

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Kids Tell us Grandpa, tell us about the ABC NO RIO days!!

Ssup Once upon a time a long long long long long long long time ago in a galaxy far far far far far far away the ghost of Jack Kerauac was beat.

Kids Huh? What are you talking about? WE don't understand!

Ssup um...go man go, the summer of love, spoken word art...

Kids we don't believe you! Impossable! Just say No!

Narrator Ssup freaks out!

Ssup They don't believe me, how can I tell them...put it into words, ...communicate with the outside world?

Kids Hey Ssup! What you think of last night's Hero Cop tv show?

Ssup Huh? Sorry, I haven't watched tv in fifty years, I really couldn't tell you...

Kids Who won today's New Jersey Mets game?

Ssup um...I don't know, I don't follow sports, I don't follow!

Narrator Ssup doesn't follow so he's beat, and that's how he got to ABC NO RIO.

Ssup My secret life!! My secret war!! A holy war!

Narrator The church of NO RIO.

Oral Roberts I've raised the dead!

THE END

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## REMEMBER TO FORGET

THE TIME IS COMING SOON
WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD
WILL BE NERVED UP
EVERYTHINGS GONNA DEPEND
ON TELECOMUNICATIONS
AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS
THAT TIME HAD COME

REMEMBER TO FORGET
THAT TIME HAD COME
EVERYTHING WAS PHOTOGRAPHED
YOU WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN
TO REMEMBER TO FORGET

A BLACK BAG JOB ON RICHARD'S LOFT
A TAP ON RICHARD'S PHONE LINE
WITHOUT UPSETTING ANYTHING
A COMPLETE SURVEY
EVERYTHING WAS PHOTOGRAPHED
IS YOUR UNCONSIOUS YOUR OWN
OR IS IT OUTSIDE YOU?
BUT IF IT HAPPENED
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
YOU WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN
TO REMEMBER TO FORGET.

## A POEM I WROTE AT ABC NO RIO

laughter is great

but its no joke

to sit amongst a

a crowd of fifty

or more-

designed to alternate

between those who

participate/and/those

WHO WHORE

laughter is great

but believe me, i

can do without

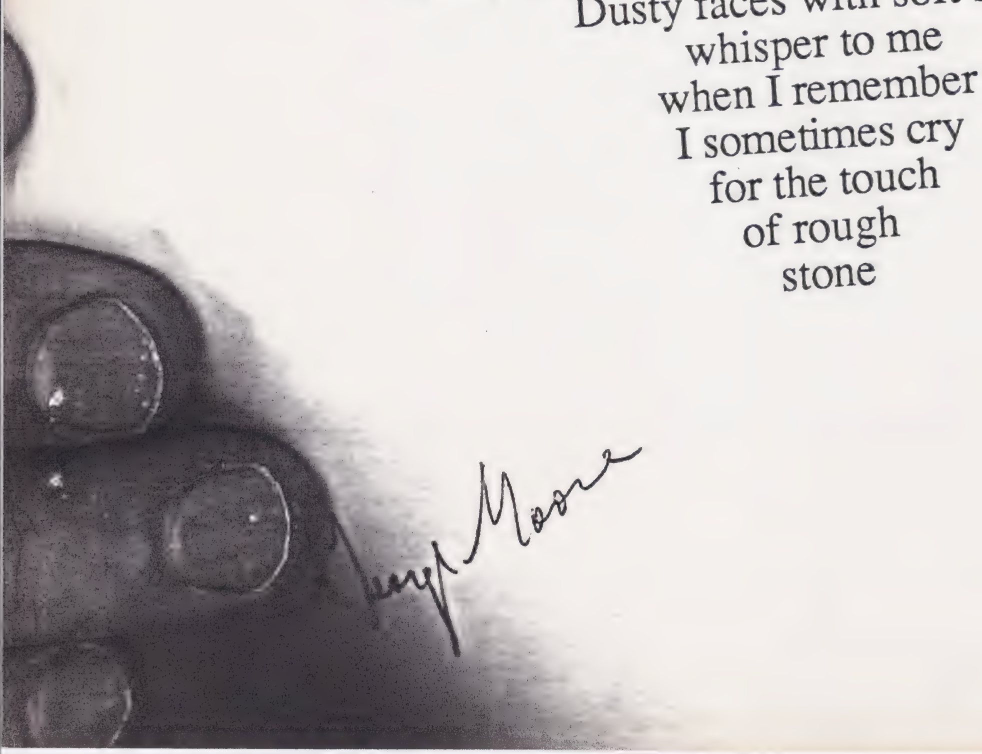
the smoke !

ⓒ 1987 TOMMASO

# THE SECOND INNOCENCE

From Pyranees fruit
from rock and barren tree
where the dry plain and hot, vaulted road ends
and a soft wedge of full moon appears
alone above sandy cliffs
Where dust blows through the arches of a bridge
and children stand naked in water
far from brick houses
and terraces in the sun;
where they sink no steel rods into the earth
and one hears no clamor to cliff of airborne metal
(only this wreath fallen from crowded pine)
Dusty faces with soft skin
whisper to me
when I remember
I sometimes cry
for the touch
of rough
stone

French-Spanish border



Moore

# Atlantis

Every mind succumbs to a dream
of a world apart from pain
Though it be covered by Aegean & volcanic ash
we search through ruins
destroyed by searing rain
Through excavated porcelain
half-mosaics, bronze stolen
from sacred tables - we reach -
for a sirocco unconscious,
for a Minoan melodist
for a broken necklace
fallen from a young girl's
neck -

I'll purify my feet with rainwater
before entering your shrine
with swastika, and cross
and sun crescent sign
I'll consider your
commercial relations with Egypt
if this is the way to keep from caving in
to legendary despair

or perhaps to follow Minaros -
found face-down in his own
diggings - and share his fate -
buried alive with dreams
of paradise.

George Moore

## Rites of Passage

Oh the pain an orphan feels deep in the heart
At the sound of the peerage door closing,
Or the sight of the road unravelling grey-blue
In soft light of dawn before him.

How memories of friends still haunt the young
Wanderer, the handshakes, the backslaps, soft
Tears and the laughter, the shadow like voices
Of those left behind.

Old clothes on his back, rough bag to shoulder
A pocket of cash and various coins,
Cast off to the world in pursuit of true self,
True love, or the pull of vocation.

How comforting a talk with a soul on a trip
Same as you, to the life, to the glory;
Or the sense of resolve that wells up
By a look in the eye of a poor man shown kindness.

Oh the beat of the heart the very first night
Of the free man; how the stars quicken sense
As they pulse in an orb high above,
And soft clouds from the west, drift wondrously by.

On the road, in moon shade, where you know
That your time moves ahead, down a hill
Around a curve, up the dale, in the starlight,
Wavelike, before you.

©Robert Bailey, '87

# Dog Town

Some people live homeless, though partly to blame,
Life's constant anguish, taunting their mind,
Wandering, sleepless, hungry, no name,
A social statistic, wax-sealed and signed.
Heat from a steampipe, a special find
Wrapped in cardboard, a shield against the blight
Faces chapped from exposure deeply lined.
Yes, this can be dog town, death in the night.

Waiting by a rectory, some drunk, some tame
Looking for food or gifts of any kind,
A sin, a lover, a loss of wit they claim
Has caused their confusion or temporary bind.
They talk in anger of those they left behind,
Their red rimmed eyes dilate in fright
Rummaging in refuse for some leftover rind.
Yes, this can be dog town, death in the night.

One died of fear, now freed from the game
Had suffered arthritis, was technically blind,
All end in fields where mounds are the same
Their last resting place, left barren, unshrined.
Remembered by no one, by weeds intertwined,
Only the cry of a lone hawk in flight
Commemorates a life of terror undesigned.
Yes, this can be dog town, death in the night.

©Robert Bailey, '87

# The River and the City

At the middle of the river
Where she stood upon this bridge,
The city looks as Avelon
Some mythic land of Nod.

The river thunders far below,
Quick silver through the mountains;
Its loneliness, its majesty,
Bares acid tears, is unforgiving.

Blue-grey spires peering through
A twenty mile atmosphere,
No sign of life is evident,
Nor sound of human sympathy;

Just these rustling waters
And the rushing cars behind,
Hair tosseling breezes whispering
In twisted cable mooring lines.

The anguishment she must have bore
At the moment of her fall,
Her arms and legs a cross
In a deadly vertigo.

How could she choose to die
Among this mighty splendor,
In front of a great city
At the apex of society?

I turn my collar from the wind
My hands deep in my pockets,
And walk away still looking
At the river and the city.

©Robert Bailey, '87

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ok ? looking forward to it.

## Agca Offers to Perform a Resurrection for Reagan and U.N. Chief

Special to The New York Times

ROME, June 24 — Mehmet Ali Agca, the convicted assailant of Pope John Paul II, returned to the witness stand here today, offering new testimony and contradictory versions of several events.

Mr. Agca, who is the state's key witness in the case against seven other men in a purported plot to assassinate the Pope, also reiterated that he was Jesus Christ and that he was prepared to prove it by raising a body from the dead in the presence of President Reagan and of Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, the Secretary General of the United Nations.

At one point, Mr. Agca, who is on trial here with four other Turks and

Jennifer Lattanilo, 19, who came by train from Boston for the concert, said the bleach blond, snarling singer is "my favorite person. He rules." She and a friend, dejected, left to console each other with a meal at McDonald's.

Cop on beat, 1966.

## WE MISS HIM, THE COP ON THE BEAT

SOME time ago there was a very nice man in our neighborhood.

He knew every angle of our area, helped keep the street and sidewalk clean, knew all the businessmen and oldtimers personally.

He also was the first to meet any stranger.

He sheltered with us during bad weather, joked and many times was served with hot soup or chocolate.

Children loved him. Respect and cooperation were mutual.

He was the block policeman, the cop on the beat.

We miss him.

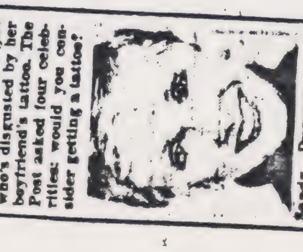
AL VELLE
Bronx

Buddy Hackett: "No, I wouldn't get a tattoo. But not for cosmetic or health reasons. I'm Jewish and it's against my religion."

Sgt. Bill Dower, USMC, instructor on *Armed Forces Workout exercise* LP: "No. I don't think the human body, which I view as a temple, should be disfigured. I feel it should be treated with respect, both nutritionally and spiritually."

## Do you agree?

TODAY Dr. Joyce Brothers talks to a girl who's disgusted by her boyfriend's tattoo. The Post asked four celebrities: would you consider getting a tattoo?



Sandy Duncan, performing May 14 at the American Place Theater benefit: "Isn't it rather painful? Anything that has to do with pain, even if the effect is attractive or dramatic, I'd rather skip."

'84

## *** The Mystery of the Divine Prescription

+++ by TK Folger

Nanny Spoondle awoke Wednesday morning with abdominal cramps of an unusual tincture. Her husband, Tristan the librarian, meekly poked at the wrinkled skin of her tummy. "Frankly, I'm baffled," he told her. "If you ask me, it feels like a hard little..." He stumbled through his vocabulary, searching for the most succinct term under the circumstances. "... a solid, um, little, um... A 'bottle' of some sort."

"Just what is it that you're trying to say, Tristan? Spare no words! You know, I'm overdue for tragedy and fearful of my fate!" She rested the back of her hand dramatically on her forehead.

"Could be anything, dear. Best to see a physician. They'd know what to do." All of a sudden, a bright look overtook his features. "Maybe..."

Nanny's zeal for truth overwhelmed her, as she exuberantly blurted, "What? 'Maybe' WHAT? Tell me!"

"Er, um, you know, dear, it could well be -- it could be -- the Change in Life." This said, Tristan quickly averted his gaze, looking downwards and sidewise, unsure of what he should or shouldn't know.

Unconsciously Nanny pivoted her head to face the window. The blank grey overcast sky reflected in her light hazel irises.

# # # # # # # #

The gleam from Dr. Schwartz's silver-toothed smile made Nanny squint and forget where she was for a second. "I'm sorry, Doctor, what was the question?"

"Menstruating! You've been menstruating regularly?"

"Yes, yes. No change." Observing the Doctor's sober inspection of the afflicted torso, her expression grew increasingly pained.

"And you've not swallowed anything unusual, eh?"

"Besides the calamari? No, not a thing."

"Eh? What's that you say? Calamari!? Why didn't you tell me that earlier?" The Doctor shouted, raising his eyes toward the heavens above. "Great Caesar's ghost, how can people expect me to help them when they act like children?"

In the midst of this outburst, Nanny threw herself to the ground, shrieked once, and began hyperventilating whilst clutching frantically at her abdomen. A nurse swung the door open, promptly letting out a shriek of her own as she beckoned toward the stricken lady.

"--eh? What's that, Nurse? Oh! Oh, that! Let's see what we have here." He bent down next to Nanny, beseeching her to search for an isle of calmness within her weary soul. Then he directed his nurse to prepare a potent dose of codeine: "a portable calmness for those of us less fortunate, ha ha, yes. Hand me the needle, Nurse."

# # # # # # # #

"Nanny? Can you hear me, dear?"--Tristan asked hesitantly of his wife as she lay between the white sheets of the hospitable bed.

"Tristan. Hello." She rubbed her eyes and yawned, noticing the absence of abdominal discomfort. "What happened?"

Doctor Schwartz answered. "Well, Mrs. Spoondle, it appears that there was an object lodged in your uterus. Yes, I know it's hard to believe, but a prescription bottle was found inside of your womb." He became silent to observe Nanny's reaction.

Her eyes widened. She silently formed the word "wha--" with her mouth.

"Yes, it's true. Strange, yet true. And what's more, the bottle had a typed label. Something about the bottle's contents being a cure for all of the world's woes. Do you know of any Dr. Jehovah?"

Nanny scratched her head. "No... No, can't say that I do. But actually, you know, isn't this the darndest thing? I had a strange, strange dream the other night. In it, this tall Jewish fellow, a handsome man, he called himself Gabriel. He was just kind of hanging in the air, over my bed, while Tristan slept. He sounded like a preacher or something. I didn't pay him any mind, to tell you the truth."

"Hm, that's an odd dream," Tristan noted. "Wonder what it could mean."

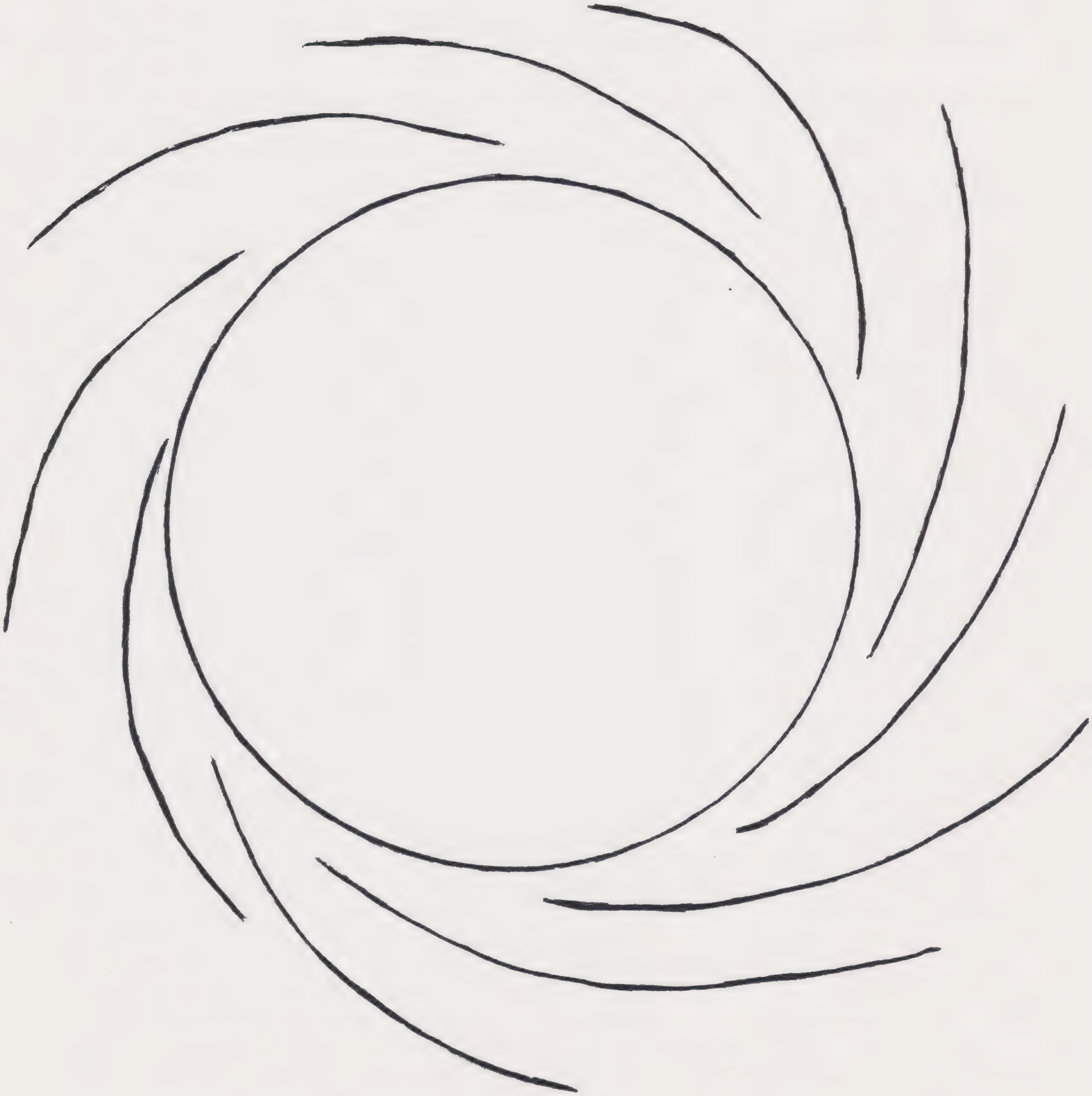
¿SSSSTHESEND?SSSSSS¿

CONTACT: terry folger c/o WFMU-FM
UPSALA COLLEGE east orange NJ 07019

'Bio' means living things. Feeling biosolidarity, people want to work toward biopersistence and bioabundance. Their method is biodispersal and biochannelling. Biochannelling is breeding and gene manipulation.

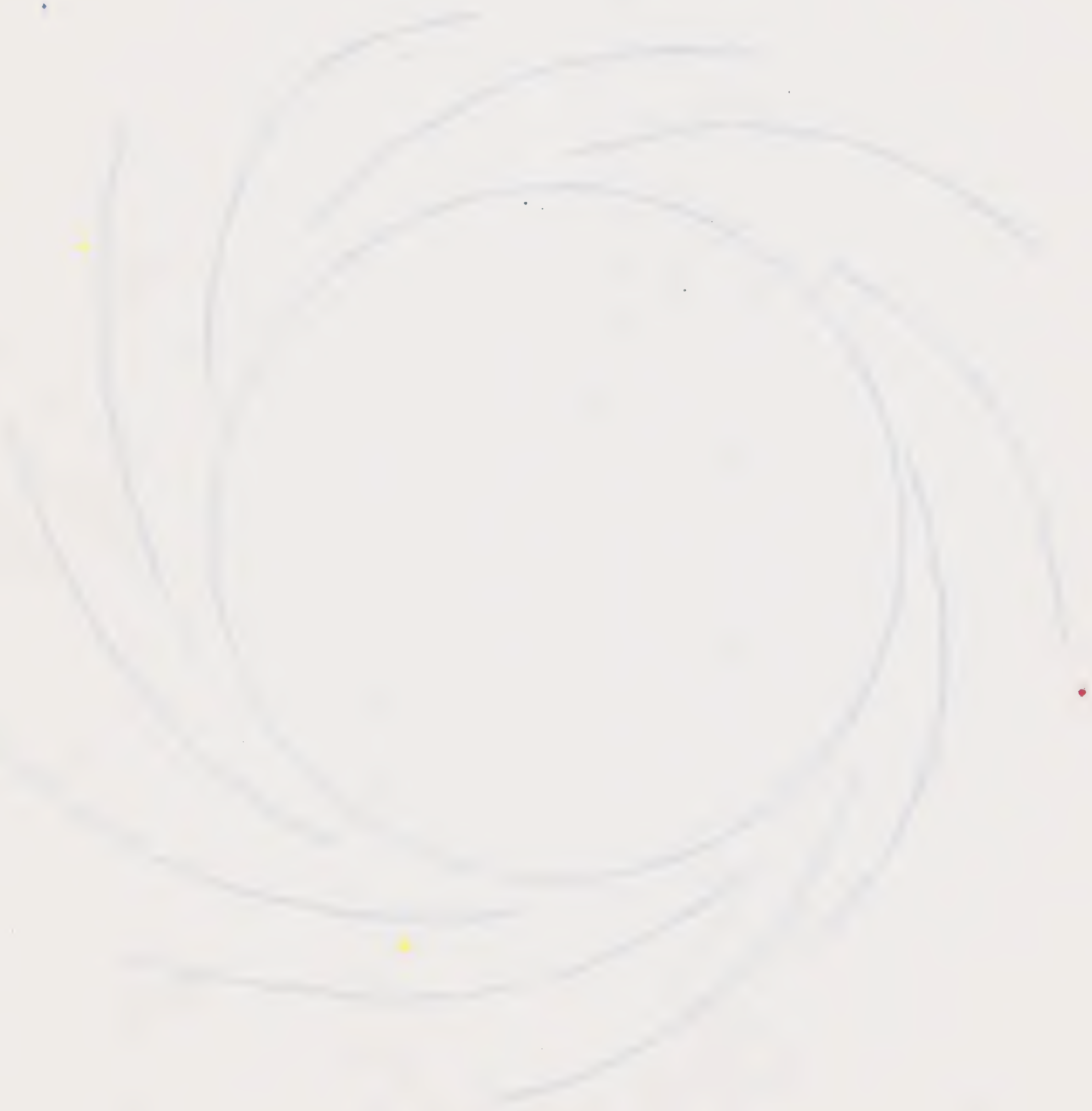
The Sun will deteriorate into uselessness in a few billion years. We can find other star systems to live in before then. We would live in huge, well lit, lush spaceships that rotate to supply artificial gravity, called spacewheels. Near sunlike stars, people in spacewheels could use the starlight and collected materials for food growth, wildlife growth, and other things. We can build some near Earth first.

The picture below symbolizes a spacewheel. What would you like spacewheels to be like? How do you feel about living in them? Express yourself by drawing on this page.



Biochannelling would bring about bio (living things) that can thrive without us or machines, living in clumps, each with a star at its center. Bio could move between stars as those stars decay. It's hard to predict what it would look like.

Draw on this page what you think it might look like &/or how it feels to you. The dots symbolize stars.



# TO TOUCH THE FUTURE

The Space Frontier Society of New York (SFS) is committed to opening the frontier of space for all humanity by the end of this century. We are determined to create a space-faring civilization, to open up the resources of space for the benefit of the people of this planet, and to establish communities beyond the Earth.

SFS is a chapter of the now merged National Space Society and L5 Society, as well as a support team for the Space Studies Institute. The purpose of our unified organizations is to give us the strength and personnel to work effectively, to be the most active constituency group promoting development and exploration of space in New York City.

SFS allows room for individuals to take part in this great adventure. Our members include scientists and astronauts (***Harrison Schmitt*** and ***Dr. Gerard O'Neill***) writers (***Gene Roddenberry, Issac Asimov*** and ***Arthur C. Clarke***) as well as business people and homemakers.

We stress that space is for people, not just governments, soldiers, and machines. We have a hopeful vision of the future for the human race, and are actually helping to make our vision real, through sponsorship of research, education, and activism.

**We provide the following services for our members:**

**Free Admission** to our monthly meetings, held on the first Wednesday of every month at the Intrepid Sea, Air and Space Museum, located at 12th Avenue and 46th Street. Each general meeting features exciting speakers from many disciplines involved in the issue of space and its development. In the past we have had speakers such as ***Congressman Bill Green, Astronaut Charles Walker, Hugh Downs*** of ABC Television. ***Dr. Freeman Dyson*** of the Institute for Advanced Studies, and many others of scientific, political, and industrial interest.

**SPACE CITY NEWS**, our monthly newsletter, highlighting interesting issues on the subject of space, from industrial development to scientific research.

**Discounted prices** on various publications associated with the exploration of space, such as the National Commission on Space report.

**The Ground School:** normally costing $250, we offer a 12 week course for our members at the cost of $100. Successful completion of the course qualifies one for their student pilot's license.

**An annual report** on the positions of all those holding Federal office concerning the U.S. space program, allowing our members to discuss the issue in an educated manner with their representatives.

**A base of operations** in the media capital of the world. Our offices on the Intrepid provide our membership a central location and support services for any space-related projects they wish to start.

**Phone Tree:** we have established a telephone network for our members so that whenever important space-related issues come before Congress, our membership can be quickly informed. In the past, this has resulted in numerous phone calls to the local Federal representatives, influencing their vote and educating them to our point of view.

We also provide the following services for New York City and the world:

**The Challenger Space Fair:** open to all schools throughout the city of New York, grades K through 12, the Challenger Space Fair is held each year in May. The Fair is intended to both educate and encourage the children of this city to investigate the influence space will have on the future of the human race. Categories include science projects, essays and poems, artwork, and performing arts.

**Educational slide shows and video presentations:** the Space Frontier Society visits conventions, schools, and community groups with slide shows and educational materials, and our location in New York City allows us the opportunity to produce high quality media presentations for the space movement nationwide. In addition, we are presently developing our own exhibit for the Intrepid Sea, Air, & Space Museum, including the Space Frontier Theater which will show films to museum visitors.

**Space Studies Institute:** as a support team to the Institute, we directly sponsor actual scientific research leading to the rapid development of space. Some of SSI's well known concepts are solar power satellites, the construction of lunar bases for mining and materials, and the mass-driver for transporting those materials to Earth orbit.

**Special Events:** each year we hold a variety of events to bring attention to the issue of space exploration, including dinners, ceremonies, and symposiums. On January 28, 1987, we gathered at Columbus Circle to hold the first public memorial in New York City to honor all those that have died for the exploration of space. In addition, each year we participate in Space Week, held the third week of July to commemorate the first Apollo landing on the Moon.

Help us work for a hopeful future for our children.
Tomorrow's world will be whatever we make it today.
The choice is yours.
Join us.

All checks should be made payable to the Space Frontier Society and returned with this completed coupon to Space Frontier Society, Intrepid Sea/Air/Space Museum, Pier 86, 12th Avenue at 46th Street, New York, New York 10036.

I wish to

join__________

renew__________
the following:

**Full membership** (includes a $15 membership in the Space Frontier Society (SFS), a $30 membership in the National Space Society (NSS), and a $25 membership in the Space Studies Institute (SSI)):
$65.00__________

**Full Student/Senior membership** (includes the above at a lower rate for senior citizens and students):
$55.00__________

**NSS Membership** (includes a $30 membership in NSS and a $15 membership in SFS):
$40.00__________

**NSS Student/Senior membership** (includes the above at a lower rate for senior citizens and students):
$30.00__________

**SSI Membership** (includes $25 membership in SSI and a $15 membership in SFS):
$40.00__________

**Local membership** (Space Frontier Society only):
$15.00__________

Further donations, also giving you membership in SFS, NSS, and SSI, will be greatly appreciated and help defray the cost of our work:

**Supporting membership:** $150.00 __________

**Sponsoring membership:** $250.00 __________

**Institutional membership:** $500.00 __________

**Ground School** (for members of either SFS, NSS, or SSL. The fee does not include books and materials for the course):
$100.00__________

Name__________________________________

Address________________________________

______________________________________

______________________________________

Telephone Number_______________________

Have you been a member of NSS____SSI____L5____?

If L5, what is your number?_______________

Occupation/Specialty/School_______________

______________________________________

Phone Tree Level:______________________
(T0 – no participation, T1 – accept local calls, T2 – make local calls, T3 – accept toll calls, T4 – make toll calls.)

## The Ground School

The Ground School, held in the Intrepid's Ready Room where Navy pilots were once briefed for their missions, is taught by Mr. Willam "Buck" Gold, an FAA certified flight instructor.

The course is held each Fall, Spring, and Summer, and is limited to 30 students. Lasting twelve weeks, the final class consists of the FAA certification exam for your student pilot's license. Should any student fail to pass this exam they will be entitled to take the Ground School again at no charge.

**The normal fee for this course is $250.00, but we are offering it to our members for only $100.00.**

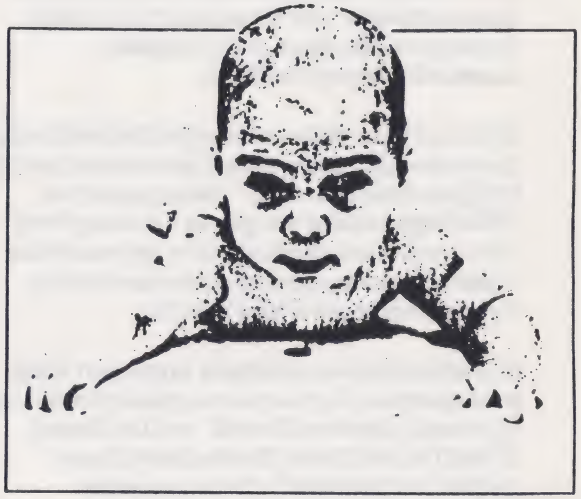
If you want to take that first step in learning how to fly, this is the best way to do it. Complete the coupon on the left and return it to us with your check, made out to the Space Frontier Society.

# The Space Frontier Society of New York

A Chapter of the
National Space Society
A Support Team of
The Space Studies Institute

Intrepid Sea/Air/Space Museum
Pier 86 - 12th Avenue at 46th Street
New York, New York 10036

# TO TOUCH



# THE FUTURE

# ONE TRUE MUSE

I would take command of your body
and you would guide me
from self-destructiveness.

We would swim upon a wave
that rose and fell as evenly
as the breath of the lover
in the ear of the beloved.

Oh how your eyes have ignited
forgotton plateaus
of humanity and understanding
rebuilding every bridge I've burned
running from myself.

How faithfully have I
sought sanity and balance
and dressed my wounds all alone,

how long must I march in silence,
a soldier in a war of my own design?

Your lovliness brings sweet words
to the lips of the articulate,

but do I now appear to fall too freely
at the foot of your imaginary alter?

Better this:
To surrender one's heart,
than to forever be ignorant of its teaching.

Let us speak alone someday
where only whispers might betray
the intensity of our communion.

## BISEXUALS

Do you believe that bisexuals really exist?
People swear to have seen them late at night
flying across the sky at tremendous speeds,
but no one has ever really photographed one.

Although certain persons testify to their
existence, their presence is still unverified,
and in all probability, they are merely
a figment of the imagination.

## KNEECAPS

I want to kiss your kneecaps,
but would I be satisfied?
Or would my lips reach for yours
and my identity be lost in your eyes?

I want to kiss your kneecaps
for they are as inviting
as a seat on a crowded subway . . .
between those unassuming kneecaps
every sorrow could for a moment hide
and every dormant passion return to life.

I want to kiss your kneecaps,
but would I be satisfied?

poems by
Eric Eddy

the squad car slowed down
silent in the bedbug night
predatory eyes darkly observed
the progress of a pale adolescent

INSIDE
THE
BEDBUG
NIGHT

"Too Young" they said
and drove away
he returned to where
he'd thrown his "works"

on Saint Marks Place
they daily gathered
a line of people
with their hands extended

INSIDE
THE
BEDBUG
NIGHT

he joined their ranks
his worn-out figure
tired from three years
of acid, speed and grass

"where has love gone?"
he privately wondered,
but he saw her eyes everywhere,

INSIDE
THE
BEDBUG
NIGHT

he saw her face
hysterically laughing
a wicked witch
against a black sky

once he'd held her
drank from her lips
and rested his head
upon her breasts

he'd bet his dreams
on this beautiful seductress
and imagined that she
could love only him

he would have died for her
he had died for her
but now he was alone
and the bedbugs drank the blood
that still burned with her holy name

on Saint Marks Place
they daily gathered
a line of people
with their hands extended

INSIDE
THE
BEDBUG
NIGHT

and the strangers passed
a continuous procession;
to each he posed
the same worn-out question:
"acid? speed? or grass?"

and then they'd walk
across the corner,
down the street/ around the block
and he'd recite his list of credentials:
"this is pure, I've tried it myself."

## DOORS OF PERCEPTION
## DOORS OF PERCEPTION

When the Doors of Perception
hung from their hinges
and milk was twenty-nine cents a quart,

When my feet were young
playful on the stairways
playful on the stairways
and headed for the roof,

When death was still
an untasted poison,
an untasted poison,
upon the menu of life,

Then I was strong
then I was a warrior
a seeker of beauty
a lover of truth

When the Doors of Perception
hung from their hinges
and milk was twenty-nine cents a quart,

Then you would have liked me,
then you could have loved me,
and we might have been
the very best of friends.

Poems
by
Eric Eddy

# I've Had It!

I can't stand this bullshit!
People takin' me for everydamnthing
and givin' me back the old zipperoo!

They sneak up on me and before
I know it, there goes time and space
over the river and through the shoulds
and all I've got is promises to keep.

So howcome I feel like a fucking war criminal
if I don't play along?

Fuck it!
Refuse I will!

I'll crack the smooth, white,
flecked-with-henshit surface
of _their_ collective world.
It's high time for an omelete
bien frappé. I'm not above
playing asshole in their
_Anatomy of Melancholy_.
The situation so demands,
(OK, have it _your_ way. Forgive you,
for you know not where it's at.
Pow! Wham! Damn!

Wow! Der goes a real he-man!)

(stanza break)

And now, Ladies and Gentleman,

"The 'Fuck You' Chorus!"[1]

Would you...?

Ah don't feeeeel like it.

Could you...?

Ah've got othah plawns.

It boahs me.

Y'all boah me!

A-fuck-a you!

Ah! what an elevating interlude!

What sweet prayers of exasperation!

Impoverished orisons of the battered will!

Egad! What art! (Applause)

***

Yeah, I've had it!

No more bullshit sweetness and light.

Here comes

ATTILA THE HUN OF THE DRAWING ROOM!

MARQUIS DE SADE

BREAKS UP MEETING OF DAR!

FUCKS COFFEECAKE!

[1] (Please note the graceful call and response.)

# Walkathon

The first part of the day I remember buying flowers, got a deal for a dollar, stuck my face deep into them and marching down 9th Avenue, crackheads and junkies melting into drunks and dwarfs and slit eyes of pain and alcohol stepping over the breath, they don't know me, invading heart full of love and sadness, afraid, they all noticed me, I could have been naked, in the sidewalk dirt I became aroused, I want to know how a woman feels, I began to walk that way, my fingers tracing my thighs, smiling inside, feeling the eyes, the absolutely dark men full of blood leaning against cars undulate as I pass, wanting to throw myself down, to say I've been dying for so long, the holiness of my submission right there on 9th Avenue and 47th Street, all within a shout to know I want to be taken this way now and at the hour of our death amen.

Racing downtown like this, acting as if, not stopping or turning to meet their gaze, TURNED ON, the neighborhood changes in the 30's but I'm in tune to the street, does anyone see what's happening out here? starving man with olive skin laughing collapsing to me saying "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb" and I say yes I'll have no serenity thank you, no nirvana, no quiet meditative slow reconciling bliss, but a shower of bullets, rapture, a rent manic heart, religious ecstasy, a quivering mad holy spirit, a phallic mother, breasts rolling, flailing a crucifixion precisely toward the place where the smooth edge of a building becomes relevant to the mad blue of the sky, I can't even walk down the street without a screaming prayer, a chorus of voices praising at any given moment millions of animals fucking all over the world, none more clement than the rest: wolves, dogs, panthers, gazelles, llamas, bears, snakes, THIS is prayer, don't SIT with God, ASCEND, the only breathing is OUT OF BREATH, they're fucking right now at the instant I'm crossing 18th Street, my feet sounding to the AWFUL rhythm, imagine the smell, the AWFUL fragrance of millions of beings abandoning themselves to desire all at once, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end amen.

By now I'm in the Village and looking in the windows of bars thinking I'd like a drink but I can't drink, I can't drink safely, I'm an alcoholic, I wonder at the passersby, can they see that in my eyes? remembering where I am I suddenly notice the clothes, incredible fabrics and jewelry, so costly to be hip, I'm still holding my flowers, they're still alive, I can't drink safely so I fall back into myself, then out again, I CAN'T CONTAIN ANY OF THIS, it goes again back to Our Lady of Fatima, my heart crossed, those wild men masturbating into the river to make more fish to feed the totem moon, I'm sober and out of control on Greenwich Avenue shouting Blake, "The cistern contains, the fountain overflows" and the visionary psychoanalysts calling for instinctual re-fusion, Ferenczi and Norman O. Brown bravely demanding the resurrection of the body, amazed they weren't murdered for this, torn to pieces by blonde blue eyed leather eyed nazi boys only following orders, even they fuck sweetly on warm clear lakes of evening, madness perhaps but God told me outright it's okay, mother in a swelling smock I reach in the darkness, dying umbilically, God how far can I cry but I'm only taking a walk, only walking through the city, God for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever amen.

By the time I reach 2nd Avenue, DOWNTOWN 2nd Avenue, I'm running at the same time all this fucking is going on, still going on, all of our hearts are beating simultaneously, it's so incredible, I find it unfair to have to know this, THE SHIT HITS THE FAN AT THIS POINT, ikons are running flying out of the junkshop windows, glass and splintering wood, a few scattered pedestrians are killed at this time, and I spot the holy woman on 3rd Street, she wears white signs with cryptic psychedelic symbols painted on them front and back, I fall in love, she's at least 60, she wears white tape over her mouth, Christ to sleep once in a while, stars are dying when I do dreaming of heroin, then I remember God I used to shoot drugs, cocaine or heroin white nodding on this very 2nd Avenue and hustling men on the West Side, MEN who beat me up why? I used to take it too, God watching, wake up ashen boy I thought, summer bright cadmium yellow, the tender way I held their cocks in the space it took to reach Houston Street and certainly not knowing where I was, that's how the thoughts go like I'm seeing Krishna beatific smiling, copulating angels sweating, masculine almost criminal nuns, indigo surrounds the edge of stars, Job covered with boils dancing, primary narcissism, yes a Dionysian transformation this dance and I've walked now to the edge of Manhattan, letting go finally, the end of the streets, death of the streets in a deafening roar of language, all these towers of Babel behind me and still ahead: Minoan forms, orgies, the scent of an essential compassion, Most Holy Virgin, red satin skin, I must close my eyes, light and Godhead up the spine, the unconscious made conscious, Jesus spearing wild thoughts in a stream beside the dove-like moon outside of night, O the infamous terrible power of desire, murderous and tender dichotomy of the world, a sober self immolation, orgasm and dance, God strike me into five billion souls, just the beginning, pray for us O Holy Mother of God.

Terry McDaniel Baker

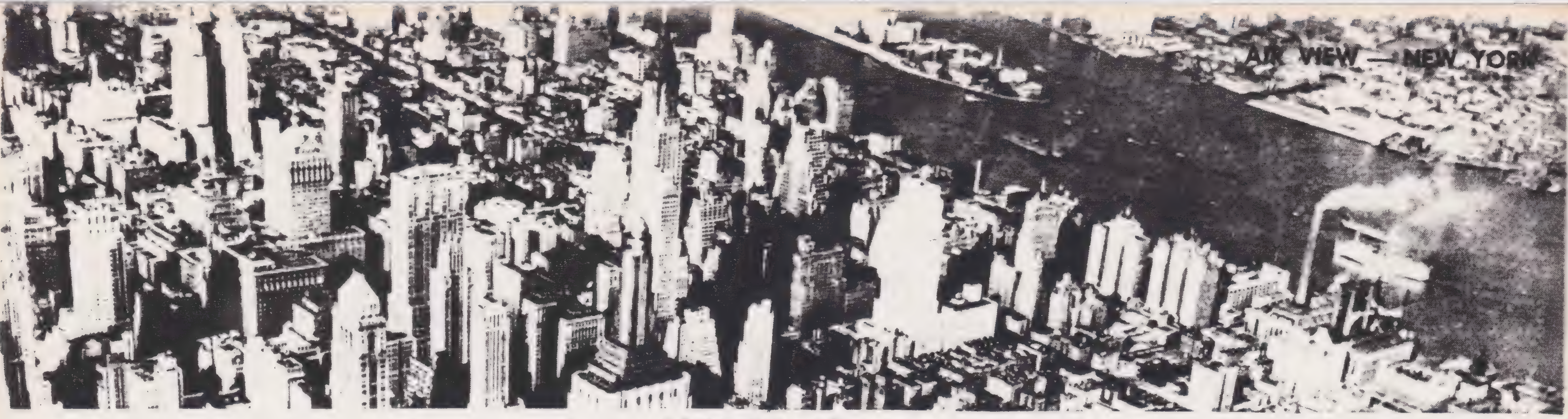
## god in that house

god in that house
i could never confess
the switchblade rising
of color to my face
about these round
young boys
poised
about the streetlight
the ones who kiss
and don't tell
but not for my sake

## Nap Time

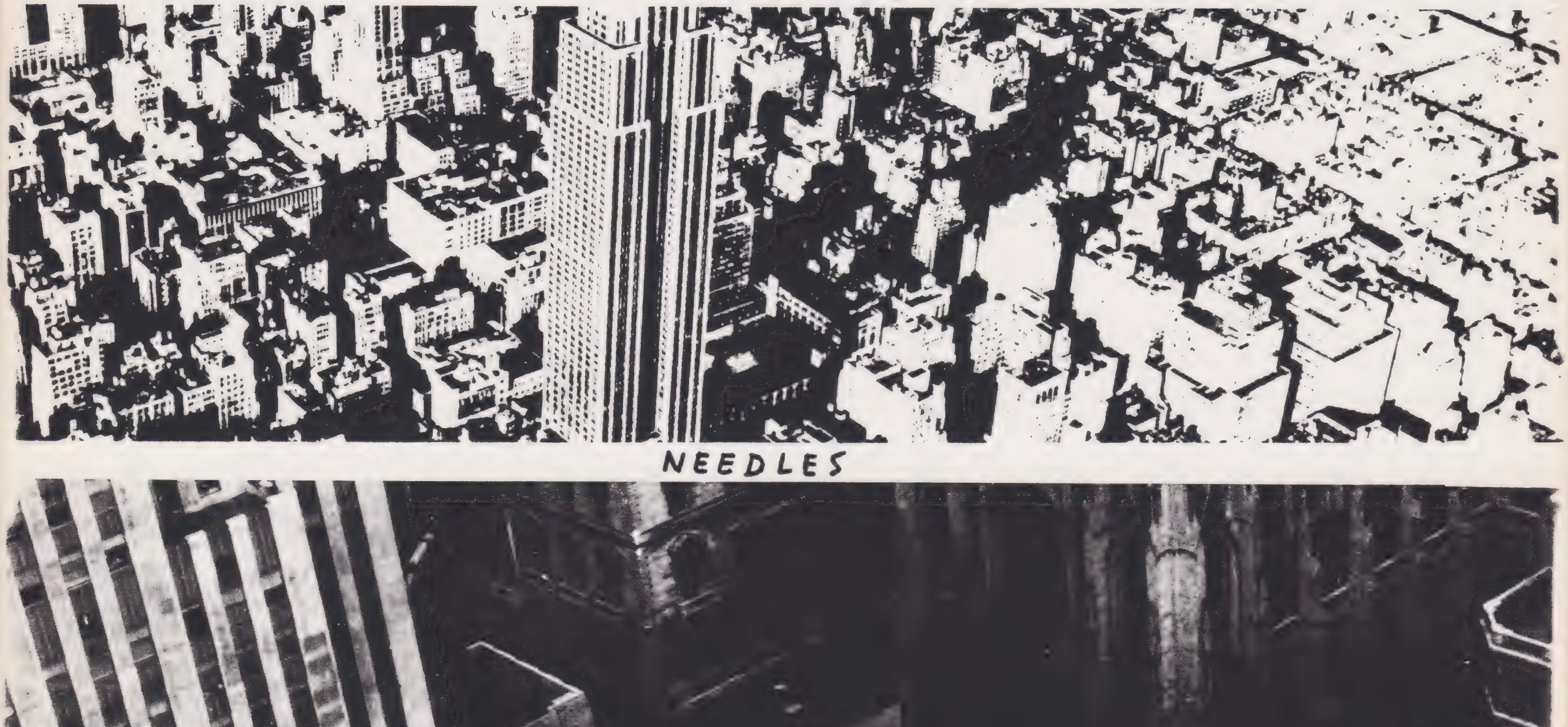
On a vertical
afternoon
the dust
in my eyes
weighs my head
dark and silly
in another
set of rooms
carousing
with the neighbors
cringing
at their layers
of laughter
then seeing
it is my own

Terry McDaniel Baker


AIR VIEW — NEW YORK

NEEDLES

HAYSTACKS



NEEDLES

HAYSTACKS

JEM COHEN 1987

## Passage

Masked temple raider,
invader of shrines, making
haste across the Red Sea;
then the plagues, boils,
vermin, and all the rest,
chasing shadows of repose,
and so it goes,

spasmodic memory projected through
the febrile air, choked
on sinew of your
madness and ambition, your
tests of stamina in vacant corridors
between earth and ether.

Here, at first crossing,
about to regain
the spoils of my remains,
I hear your final descent,
possesions dragging
along the stones in
fitful drumbeat
with your heart.

Bonny Finberg
11/87

# arabesque

In a room
  (in a room)
Red room
  (red room)
In a dark
  red room
the mark
  (the mark)
the line
  continues
vertebrae
  (vertebra)
vertebrae
  (vertebra)
orange angels glow
  on the ceiling
(feeling the orange
 the angels, the ceiling)
mark me red
  (red in the dark)
  on the ceiling
(the angels
  glowing in orange)
the vertebrae
  (vertebra)
climbing the
walls to the mark
in the darkness
  (the redness
a line on the walls.)
Flowering
  (the angels)
Glowing
  (the orange)
The flowering
angels grow
orange on
the ceiling
(the redness
  grows darker)
the line
  continues
in the darkness
(in the redness)
  the room
  grows redder
  in the
darkening redness
  (in the roomness)
the vertebrae
  (vertebra)
glow on
  the angels
  of darkness
  (on the ceiling)
contained by
  the walls
where the
line continues
  (in the vertebrae's
  redness)
on the walls.

Bonny Finberg

## DOG SHIT OBERSTURMFUHRER

By Sarah C. Breitrose

(Dedicated to all oppressed dog owners)

DOG SHIT OBERSTURMFUHRER
WORKING FOR MAYOR CALIGULA
THE DOG SHIT PATROL
HIDES BEHIND THE POLE
WAITING FOR DOG AND OWNER AND
WATCHING YOUR DOG'S SHIT HOLE
HE'S THE DOG SHIT ASSHOLE
WATCHER.

## DOG SHIT GESTAPO

By Sarah C. Breitrose

(Dedicated to my neighbors)

DOG SHIT GESTAPO
PEERS OUT THE WINDOW
WATCHING TO SEE IF I PICK THE DUNG.

   WATCHING TO SEE ME BEND OVER SHIT -
CALLING THE COPS  THE DOG SHIT GESTAPO
HAS NOTHING TO DO
AND NO ONE TO FUCK AND NO ONE TO BLEW.
THEY WATCH THE ASSHOLES OF CANINES
AND THEY WATCH THE DOG OWNER'S RUMP,
BEND OVER THE SHIT.
IS IT ME ? - OR THE DOG ? -
THAT THEY LONG TO HUMP ?

©1983 Sarah Chana Breitrose

# MY COVENANT

i feel myself listen
even more far to th prophecy
of th jaild
that th witness in me has not
bin muted by age
ar good sense
which rules th crowheartd...neither
devils sowing...devils teaching...
devils reaping...neither

this town of babylon
jeopardy bein long & chaste
as hair of bikeriders in october

here ive come alone
yet near my separate heart
spite of me
beating

& everything that is not wrote down
on this page ar
elsewheres
is my covenant

dont axe me what that is
its no secret

where th herringgulls jog
on neptunes holy script....yea—
long is th loneliness....yea—
long th nites that soothe

th combers of parkinglot 5

my cat brings home in dampish pelt
KRYPTON 99

**willard gellis**

# WOLF LION

delilah dreams
i bin haven
mind me uv th wickedniss uv my
windlstraw heart

wisht i cld run cold like injun river
wisht i cld change my name like her
wisht i cld see with th tip uv my cane
leegate what u-all see in thishere country

beauty ar eitha pain

thn i cld tellya what yu wanna no
if ima freetype man
ar jest withouta gun

but i think what i luv
with this patchwork heart uh mine
is ony what usta be
parlor shotgun prairie
ghosta my namesake:   wolf
ghosta my namesake:   lion
ghosta my ghost....paltry
deceiver who drawn th bobwire round my thoat

who wastd my life in dreams          land
which casted me in its image
steda gods
tastn hate more each crumlen day

brother liar man i usta be wher is yur
warpaint?

wher is th land that bore u
& burit th aftabirth?

**willard gellis**

NEW YORK N PM 1987

## sitting on the ECTUG boardwalk

I sit with Point(s) Vim  Vigour and Valour
the tugs   Halifax is out to sea ...

a multicultural Shiva
the Statue of Liberty
stretches up from George's Island

a Soviet flour boat ties up
at the National Harbours Board dock
to load a shipment of Ukrainian-Canadian's grain
Brooklyn Bridge   a second generation container ship
calls in harbour at Halterm

refineries and a SEDCO drilling platform shimmer
through Springsteen's "red ball" chemical haze
on the Jersey shore

people stop and ask:
          what type of boats are these?
          when can we get a ride on them?
          where is the Bluenose?

     where is the liquor vendor?
     how do we get to Ellis Island?
     which is Mount Rundel?
     where is Pier 21?

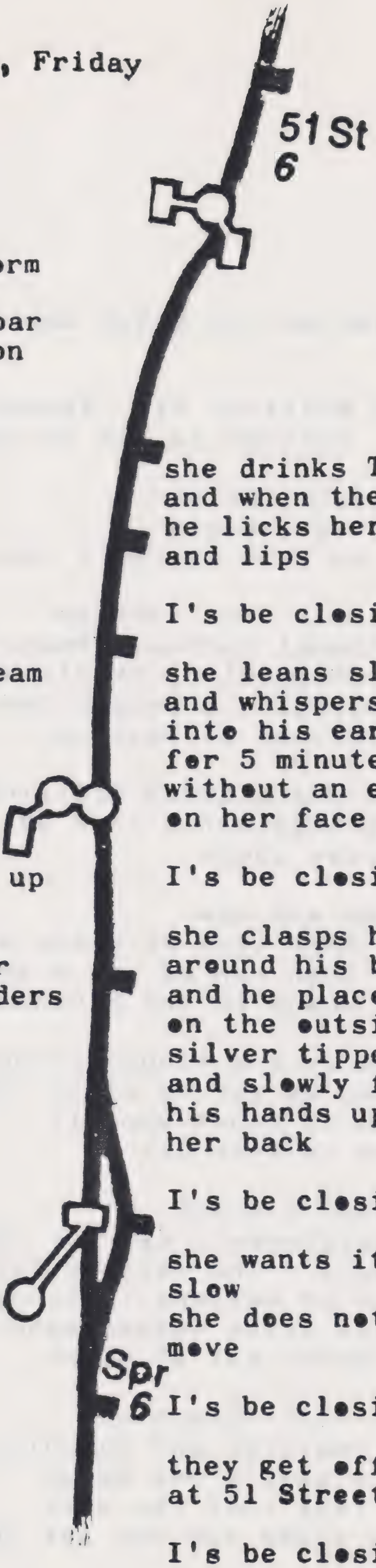
Coney Island a dream
in some developer's eye for the north end
of Mac Nab's - the rest is Parks Canada and
Department of National Defence -
     pumice stone washes ashore from
     volcanoes out of sight

... I sit here exhausted
by heat  humidity and humanity
watching a ship's cat mouse
with sea legs that can walk
on broken glass and not get cut

by JOE BLADES

NewMuse
OF CONTEMPT

## Uptown ⑥, 5:20 pm, Friday



its Spring
she hates waiting
for him
to buy subway tokens
the train at the platform
she bounces her crotch
against the turnstile bar
and they just squeeze on

I's be closin doors

she licks a cone
of ice cream
not eating
her teeth never show

I's be closin doors

drips of melted ice cream
on her hand he licks
limpid and sucks
her thumb

I's be closin doors

she pushes her glasses up
back onto her hair
and runs her fingers
through her blonde hair
fans it over her shoulders

I's be closin doors

she drinks Tropicoana fruit juice
and when the drink is dry
he licks her tongue
and lips

I's be closin doors

she leans slightly
and whispers
into his ear
for 5 minutes
without an expression
on her face

I's be closin doors

she clasps her hands
around his back
and he places his sneakered feet
on the outside of her
silver tipped high heels
and slowly flows
his hands up and down
her back

I's be closin doors

she wants it so
slow
she does not
move

I's be closin doors

they get off
at 51 Street

I's be closin doors

- Joe Blades

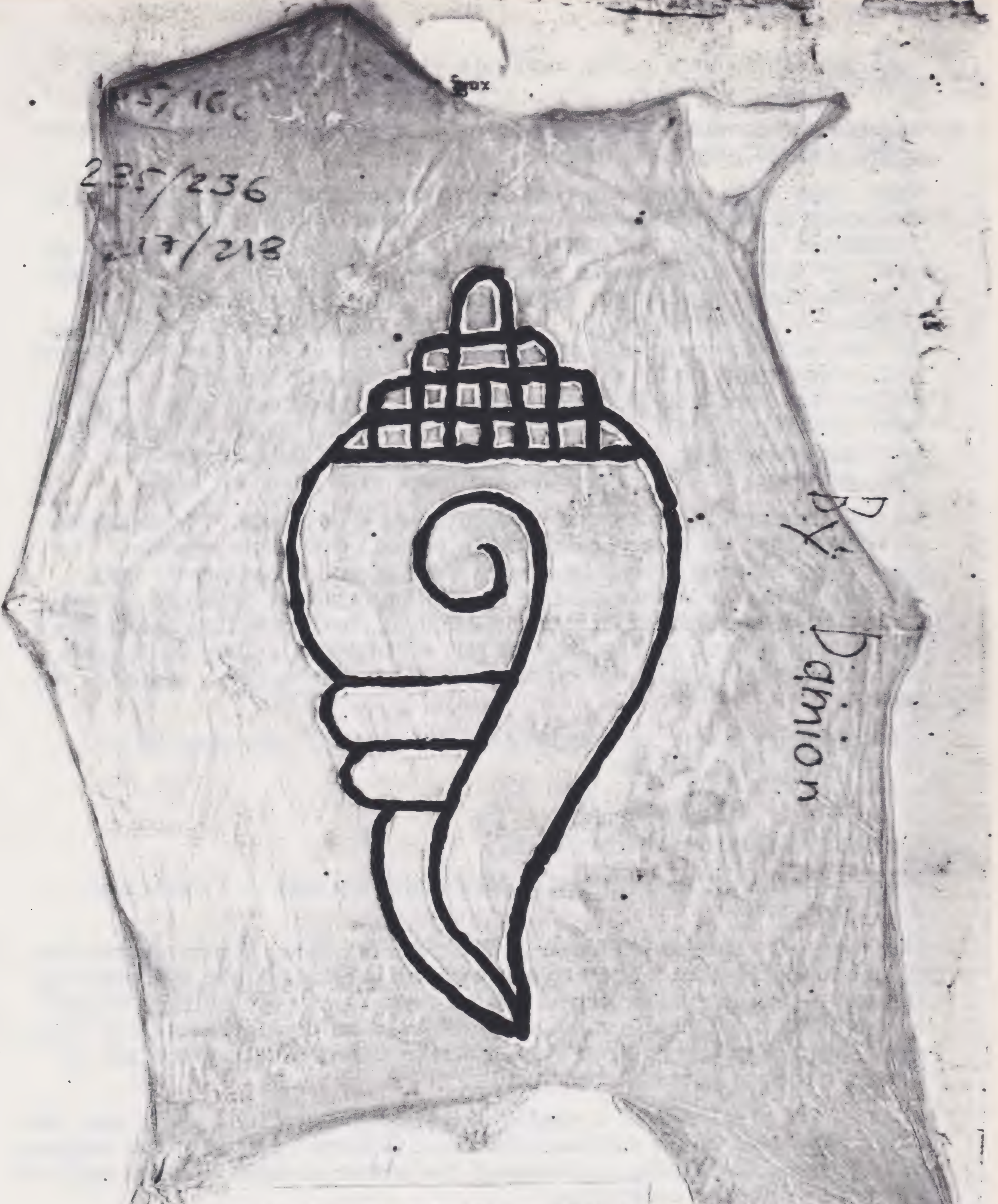
NewMuse
OF CONTEMPT

# REBELS DUST

BY Michael Jonathan

Silver lining etched out of rabble roused paintings
Filling in the spectrum of a thousand-thousand sands
Holding valiant causes of crimson night
Fallen virtues of comrade past day
Song embedded with rebellion
Sung by smirking hyenas
Passimg out invitations to catchless oblivion
Drawing on affinities brethren
Toasts of drunken realities abridge time
One by one they trickle towards infinity
Through rain-dry eyes wet with anger
Crying to be heard by token gods
Thundering flames destinies destitution

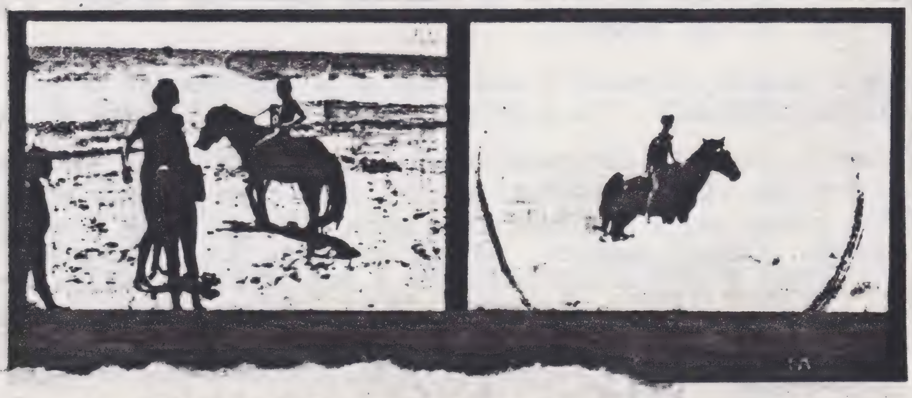
Shouts of serenity ring in ears
Eyes blink bloody shots
Sands sewn together with smoke
Good intentions thrown into pits
Pecked away by swooping vultures
Surviving hands,tied,blindfolded,heads hung
Kneeling
Tears fall through dreams
Dust



5/160
235/236
217/218
By Damion

"AWAKE, AWAKE! PUT ON STRENGTH."

Acrylic on lambskin, 1987



Gregor, AKA U. Ank Roger Satyananda
c. 1954, Galveston

Sunday, 4 Oct, 1987

Last week there were a few curricula vitae/manifestos/confessions. Here's mine.

Arrests and convictions are a matter of record, but some of my other predilections aren't so public.

When I was a Boy Scout I got to help recover charred body parts from the worst airline disaster in history. That's when I kind of got infatuated with flying. When I went off to high school I used to go visit my folks in Venezuela every holiday. One summer, taking a cue from the Miami hijackings, I diverted a flight from Maracaibo to Caracas, + we ran out of jet fuel — just barely made it to Santiago de Cuba with the help of a tailwind. In those days even in Cuba with a US passport we could perpetrate our pranks with impunity. The authorities cordially toured us through an old primary school that'd been converted into a museum of the Revolution. As we departed they gave each passenger a bottle of rum + a pack of Cuban cigarettes. They gave me a box of cigars and congratulated me on my zeal.

In college the CIA recruiters wouldn't leave me alone. My daddy was a company man, so I knew better than to fall for their come-on. By then I was already discouraged with this planet + had pretty much fancied myself an existentialist. I dropped out of Stanford, where I studied International affairs, + went to the Nam + flew helicopters. That's where I got my tattoos: Saigon + Singapura. They won't give me a commercial rating now on account of my discharge — medical, you know.

I once put my finger in Gregory Corso's asshole. He asked me to. It was cold as an Eskimo.

I've tested out HIV-negative.

I prefer bloodsports to baseball.

Every second week or so I get a full night's sleep, + I feel like a million bucks.

Although, as some of you know, I do it on the side, I'm categorically opposed to abortion. I'm already phasing out the clinic + converting it into a private rifle range. We're tentatively operating 2 nights a week: Tues. + Thurs., so if you want to come down + have a few beers + shoot off a few rounds in a relaxed underground setting, contact me during business hours at the Temple.

Oh yes, I'm president of a small religious corporation. Last week the Dalai Lama gave me an audience for about 2 hours over in Bklyn Heights. We walked in the garden + discussed the border problem, + then went to the River Cafe for cocktails.

Me + Sissy Spacek use to be tight like this (gesture), but ever since she got in with that crew out there she never even calls. I remember the friends who stood by me when my heart was broken, + I endeavor to pass on the goodwill.

For a couple of years I did time at a Neo-Fascist utopia in Arizona called Arcosanti. On a bright sunshiny day I think Architecture.

When it comes to psychedelics I like peyote best. The most I've had at any one time is 14 buttons. I like them green + plump + juicy. I've never had a pleasant trip with LSD, although I've tried often enough. Caveat emptor. As for opiates, just yesterday I got burned — I paid a little bit more for a bag of Pancho Villa brown, + it turned out to be a dummy. You can't trust dealers: they might as well be congressmen. My political set veers always to the right. "Love + order" is my creed. Remember: Love the one you kill.

# GREAT INVOCATION

From the point of light
Within the mind of God,
Let light stream forth
Into the minds of all manifestation
Let light descend on earth.
From the point of love
Within the heart of God
let love stream forth
Into the hearts of all manifestation
Let Christ return to earth
From the centre
Where the will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills
Of manifestation
The purpose which the masters
know and serve
from the centre which we call the
Race of men
Let the plan of love and light
Work out
May it seal the door where evil dwells
May love & light & power restore
The plan on earth.

K. Lynch

# TWO POEMS BY J. D. RAGE

## I

I LOVE MY DAD
MY FATHER DADDY.
HE'S A BIG MAN
6 FOOT 4.
WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH
SCHOOL HE PLAYED
FOOTBALL FOR THE
SOUTHSIDE BONECRUSHERS.
WHEN I WAS LITTLE
I TRIED TO WEAR HIS
SHOES BUT THEY WERE SO
BIG IT WAS HOPELESS.
I HELD ONTO HIS PINKY
WHEN WE WALKED TO
CHURCH AND MY HAND
WOULDN'T GO AROUND
IT.
JOHN IS HIS NAME
100% IRISH CATHOLIC.
I GUESS THEY CALL HIM
BIG JOHN.
MY FATHER HAS ALWAYS
LOOKED LIKE JOHN WAYNE.
HE STILL LOOKS LIKE HIM
EVEN THOUGH WAYNE IS DEAD.
HE LOOKED LIKE HIM IN
HIS COLLEGE YEARBOOK
AND NEVER MORE THAN
IN THE PHOTO OF HIM
IN INFANTRY HELMET
IN THE PHILIPPINES
JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES.
MY DAD IS A BIG HANDSOME
GUY.
WHEN HE WAS IN THE
PHILIPPINES IT WAS NO
MOVIE
A BLAST OF EXPLODING
SHRAPNEL CAUGHT HIM
IN THE BACK
HE ALWAYS TELLS ME
THAT HE WAS LUCKY
TO BE THE FIRST CASUALITY
OF THE DAY. HE WAS
RUSHED BY HELICOPTER TO
A FIELD HOSPITAL WHERE
THEY SAVED HIS LIFE
MY DAD HAS ONE LEG
THAT IS THIN AS THE
BONE - EXPERIMENTAL NERVE
SURGERY FAILED AND
ITS HARD TO GO FROM
BEING A BIG MAN
TO A CRIPPLE. HE WAS
IN THE HOSPITAL,
STATESIDE, AS THEY SAY,
FOR OVER TWO YEARS.
I LIKE IT WHEN HE
TELLS ME THE STORY
OF JAPANESE PLANES
STRAFING THE BEACH
AND HE JUMPED INTO
A TRENCH AND HAD TO LIE
ON TOP OF A GIANT
CRAB 'TIL THE GUNNING
WAS OVER.
DAD LOVES TO CAMP BUT
HE BOUGHT A WINNEBAGO.
HE'S SEEN ENOUGH TENTS,
    HE SAYS
MY DAD IS A FRIENDLY
GUY AND EVERYONE
LIKES HIM
HE DISOWNED ME WHEN
I WAS EIGHTEEN
AND HE FOUND A POEM
I WAS WRITING
IN THE TYPEWRITER
THAT HE HAD PROUDLY
GIVEN ME FOR GRADUATION.
THE POEM WAS A SICK
SEX POEM ABOUT THIS
DEMENTED PERVERT I WAS
INVOLVED WITH AT THE
TIME. I USED POETRY
TO WORK OUT MY PROBLEMS
THEN AND I KNOW THAT
WRITING THAT SICK POEM
(IT WAS A VERY SICK PIECE)
WAS VERY NECESSARY
FOR ME
MY FATHER COULD NOT
UNDERSTAND THIS.
WE'RE ON SPEAKING TERMS
NOW, SO HE CAN TELL
ME HOW HE PLAYED POKER
WITH RED FOXX IN VEGAS
AND ABOUT SOME OF THE
THINGS HE'S DOING OR BUILDING.
DAD IS NOT A LOVING
PERSON.
HE DOESN'T LIKE TO TOUCH HIS CHILDREN.
HE IS BASICALLY
A REDNECK. HE HAS
ARCHIE BUNKER SYNDROME
REAL BAD, AND HE'S
A RACIST AND A MACHO
MAN. I KNOW THESE
THINGS ARE NOT ALL
HIS FAULT BUT I STILL
HOLD THEM AGAINST
HIM.

(Cont.)

## I (cont.)

MY FATHER, JOHN, HAS
NOT ASKED ME HOW
I'M DOING IN THIRTY
YEARS. HE SENDS ME
PRESENTS FOR BIRTHDAY
AND CHRISTMAS BUT
TELLS ME"THIS COSTS MONEY
IF YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE
IT AWAY OR LOSE IT
SEND IT BACK TO ME".
YOU KNOW I LOVE MY BIG
TALL HANDSOME DAD AND
ESPECIALLY THOSE PICTURES
OF ME AS A NEWBORN IN HIS
GIANT ARMS I LOVE........
BUT MY DAD DOESN'T LOVE
ME. I THINK MAYBE HE
HAS NEVER FORGIVEN ME FOR
THE TIME I WAS FOUR
YEARS OLD AND
BEHAVING BADLY
IN CHURCH. MOM TELLS
ME MY OLD MAN MOVED
AWAY FROM ME ON THE
BENCH (JUST LIKE THE
MOTHER RAPERS AND FATHER
STABBERS) AND I YELLED
AT HIM "DON'T PRETEND
YOU DON'T KNOW ME."
HE'S STILL DOING IT.
MOVING, FARTHER AWAY.
ONE DAY I STARTED
BACKING OFF,
WALKING INTO THE
URBAN DISTANCE.
LAST I SAW HIM
TALL,IN INVITING MYSTERY,
I FINALLY TURNED
AND WALKED AWAY
AND HEARD THE WORDS
"DON'T LOOK BACK"

## II

BLANK FACES
GUNPOWDER TRACES
OFF TO THE RACES
BIG EMPTY SPACES
UNTIED LACES
UNSOLVED CASES

SLEEPING ON SIDEWALKS
ALL THAT SMALL TALK
MOUSE EATEN BY HAWK
NASTY LOOKS
MEAT HOOKS
AN OPEN BOOK

REACHING FOR YOUR WALLET
BODIES ON A PALLET
CROQUETTE MALLET
SPENT BULLET
HOW THEY PULLED IT
STILL A RIDDLE

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE DREADFUL RAIN
ACID PAIN
JUGULAR VEIN
VAST PLAINS
MEN WITH CANES
UNEXPLAINED

J. D. RAGE
519 E. 5th Street/17
New York, N.Y. 10009

# DOING THE DRAG

By David Huberman

Entering step by step, slowly taking the plunge into the twilight zone where everything is other than it seems, there he was on 14th Street and Eighth Avenue, "Mr. Normal", a thirtyish, young-looking successful stockbroker from Jersey City, just divorced. He enters the all-night coffee shop innocently enough. The Greek countermen know better, though -- they've seen his type before; in fact, many times. They quickly take his order -- scared that he might get hip to himself and run out screaming into the night, "I'm a freak! I'm a big freak!"

But most of the time a freak never realizes that he _is_ a freak until it's too late. So there he was on West 14th Street, drinking tequila sunrises in the La Bamba disco. The major feature of this establishment is the women there. So many beautiful, feminine women -- hot-sex goddesses of all creeds: untouchable, desirable "Japs"; spike-heeled Puerto Rican chiquitas with pastel feather plumes atop cascading brown curls; "black widow femme fatales" with trussed-up bosoms of criss-cross leather; Marilyn Monroe clones and Jane Russell lookalikes. His friend Larry had said "Check this place out -- there's alot of hot bitches there. They're easy for a few bucks and anyway they're the type you been seeking all your life". So now he was in the center of "pussy heaven" -- _so he thought_. They all wanted his ass; he never got so many looks before, so many eyes scanning him hungrily -- women who dressed to kill, showing off their bodies, reminding him of the legendary French bordellos of World War II which he'd read about in _G.I. Combat_ magazine. Upon downing his fifth tequila sunrise, he was approached by a sleek black model. She looked like she'd stepped off the cover of _Ebony_ magazine. "Hi honey, I'm a dominatrix -- do you like my black leather outfit? I like my men rich, meek, and submissive." Her nails were like red flaming claws. She pinched him through his Brooks Brothers breast pocket. The pain was intense yet seductive. He smiled, and the blood rushed to his brain. His heart started pounding and the blood rushed all the way down to his penis and he got a hard-on the size of Mount Rushmore. His face was flushed, and he moved like he was in a fog. Quickly her eyes caught his, and she stared him down like a black panther to her prey. "Get me a cigarette, slave" she said deliberately. As he lit it, she unbuttoned his shirt and took the tip of his nipple and pinched it hard. He almost fell on her; he was in a frenzy now. His excitement was at its peak. A little more and he would have had his orgasm right in his pants. "H-how much and w-where?" he stuttered. "Eighty dollars -- there's a back room" she _commanded_. And that night he learned what Doing the Drag was about.

# BEATNIK RAP

By David Huberman

Don't wanna joke
that I'll be broke
'cause I shoot morphine
right out of a William
Burroughs junkie scene.
Gonna hitch down to
the center of town
where the literature groupies
are going on strike
asking for Henry Miller
to act and deliver.
Their declarations are so libertine
that Sinclair Lewis acts like he's sixteen.
The power brokers are ready to deal.
I tell them I'm Delmore Schwartz
getting chump change and a hot meal.
Henry Miller says "To hell with this strike --
It's time for fucking and I'll do it just right."
"If you want some ass, go to Jean Genet --
he'll serve it up to you with class."
Still one groupie is holding out screaming,
"No more printed nookie to any old sages
Licking their tinted lips between seductive pages."

Now the hottest cafe
ain't in Santa Fe
Don't hafta go into hock
'Cause it's just right around the block
where a cat's gotta rap t'get t'the top.
If you wanna be King of the Heap
y'gotta getta reputation for being deep.
So you look for the poets who know their shit
Come right out with intellectual wit.
"I'm the Big Bad Tom Wolfe and I'll write,
and I'll type, and beat you at every hype."
Gonna boogie on down like Jack Kerouac
Strutting my stuff from Maine to Dallas
Howlin' and prowlin' for Neal Cassady.
I'm an Allen Ginsberg queen with a LeRoi Jones sheen.
So say it quick but don't make it corny
'cause there's a million damn poets
all feelin' horny.
Gonna chant dis rap on the beatnik dial,
'cause I'm the man with all the style.

# "Dandelion Seizure'

By Alexandra Portal

The air is light and slender to touch,
The feel of relations more magic than real.
I am seized by the season of dandelions,
I submit.....
Render the treasures of nature and fill the cup of pleasure for one and all.
Flowering deeds overflow into nestled songs of birds,
That charm and bewilder the logic of those
Whose prisms see only lines lying straight.
Flutter the breeze so silent,
Solve the mysteries----brilliant,
Yet far and away the open fields weening the newborn.

# A couple of new york poems

carved out
and ghastly
sits among the healthy
in rooms gone black
vibrating cherubic ideals
carved out

ashen shadow presense slipping away
from the knife
carving out
the momentary
thread holding reality frayed
and tattered
slips from the hand
still holding the knife
carving out

carved out
impression left
carved out
sternum to hip
impression
left
carved out
your body pressed
carved out
your memory
impression
left
an aching amputation
a dream that dies
carved out
impression left

I stand at a threshold of time beyond time
and answer your heart cannot give turns me back
alone

I stand to the left of all that I know
the formation of ties defies a spectrum
laid on the horizon

the turns we are taking are as night into day into night
quiet provides
stealth and ease
to our movement

walking alone, having turned once more from easy answers
I see, in the distance, to the sides
eyes that know mine

we stir the air that surrounds us
guiding each other through
what no one
can pull
another

will you come
will you come to my house tonight
will you come
and if you do,
will I?

© Meg McHutchison
P.O. Box 20307
Seattle, WA 98102

Editor/Publisher OPINION RAG
#2 & #3 Available

# CoPoL* Poetry
## by Desmond O'Sullivan

### IN VITRO VERITAS

I saw the immaculate conception as original sin
As seen through the eyes of modern medicine
Both Mary and the Father has a test for AIDS
Before their crazy plan the save the race

Both of them showed positive after the test
So the Father sent the Ghost to Earth to do his best
But this attempt did not succeed for very long
'Cos the Holy Ghost had a condom on

The Virgin went to Hospital for Surgery
And the Spirit's seed was gathered carefully
Mary numbed her senses with a shot of Whiskey
And the Saviour was implanted artificially

Mary had decided that she'd keep the child
And the end of the pregnancy soon arrived
God was sueing her as best he could
For breaking contract on her surrogate motherhood

The nativity scene looked rather obscure
Our Saviours birth was premature
No shepherds or animals or straw on the floor
Just the smell of disinfectant and an incubator

So Jesus left the hospital with traumatic strife
He'd delusions of grandeur for the rest of his life
To end it all he confronted his fears
With the most publicized suicide for two thousand years

**More on the next page**

***CoPoL is a production organisation that works in Ny and Dublin and produces Theatre, Writing, Video and Graphics. Among its history is the world premiere of "Wilhelm Reich in hell", by Robert Anton Wilson, numerous comedy revues, Scripting for Irish television, An adaptation of 'Finnegans Wake' for stage and video , which is due for broadcast in Ny in the near future, and regular outrageous Christmas cards every year**

# STERILITY

Sterility,sterility, all is sterility.Repitition is its food,uniformity is its house.It haunts the buff washed corridors and clusters of the phallo-scrapers.It drifts with lethal silent speed through the horizontal and vertical forms,chattering from the keyboards and printers.Its heartbeat is the waiting hum of inanimate service.Its ritual is tension.Its enemy is flesh.

REMEMBER YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE HUMAN FORM.

Its basis is fear.It merges with our fingers and minds.It is the tinted window of function through which we see each other,through which we interface.It permiates self image.It tears through the tender.

ROUND PEG,SQUARE HOLE,ROUND PEG,SQUARE HOLE.

You enter it through revolving doors.You enter it by logging in.You enter it through the twisted wreckage of a car.It enters you through the needle.It enters you through the pill.It enters you through the visual lobotomy.

WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TURN OFF THE TV.

It is specific,not general.It is immortal, not reproductive.

OH LORD MAKE ME AN INSTRUMENT OF YOUR TECHNOLOGY.

where there is darkness let me bring your blinding neon glow.where there is injury your cameras,lord.Where there is inertia, your speed.

SPEED IS INERTIA.

It has two decisions:on and off.

AFTER LONG CONSIDERATION THE DOCTORS DECIDE TO PULL THE PLUG ON MRS SMITH.

It has no sex,Its sex is Death.Everything it defines, crumbles.Everthing that crumbles is redefined.The rest is sewage.It has no need to dress us in a uniform to invade,to penetrate.It has no need to be where it is invading.Its beachead is every point on the planet.Its stiff sourceless tenticals stretch into our very psyche.

WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE SWITCH OFF THE TV

It makes us disembodied spirits watching our dispirited bodies going through the motions of humanity.

It is the etymological manifestation of the ground of our paranoia,it is the karyogamy in which we find ultimate destruction in our interpersonal relations.

AMEN

## COMMUTANTS

The dance of death down the Subway steps
Watch the closing doors
Look nobody straight in the eye
In case they kill or cry

The pitter patter of patent leather
Across the Plaza floor
Eyes fixed on the moment ahead
Cortex at home in bed

The stampeding throng keep marching along to a dull and painful day
Up to their various floors
Surrounded by other bores

The click of mandibles, antennae and feet
as they pass the receptionist
Buzzing into the hive
No one gets out alive

And so their life bounces from Suburb to city
Two kids, one House and a Spouse
Shit-sleep-fuck-work and are fed
The return of the living dead.

# LIMERICKS

A Jewish man told his Rabbi
If I eat certain meats I will die
The smell of the swine
Leaves my guts in a twine
The day I eat pork,pigs will fly

Just after the big nuclear bombing
The planet remarked as revolving:
"Those humans have gone
Now I can get on
With the process of really evolving"

Two Saints by the name of Saint Jude
Went to visit our lord in the nude
When they asked:"Who's more holy"
He thought,and said slowly:
"Suck my cock and I'll settle this feud"

One by one they went down on their host
Wrapping sacrosanct lips 'round his post
He said with delight:
"If you do this each night
I'll fire the son and the ghost"

Mr. Reagan was feeling unstable
And dreamt as he sat at his table,
with his Arms in Iran
and his feet near siam,
They could fight the Gulf War with his Navel.

Kurt Valdheim once went to confession
In Rome with Pope John Paul the second
He said "I was nasty
when I was a Nazi",
"Relax",said the pope,"I'm a Mason".

# 800-year-old man dies of pneumonia!

A French mercenary died in a Bolivian hospital last month. He claimed to be 826 years old. He didn't look a day over 40.

The old soldier survived some of the bloodiest wars in human history. He fought in the Crusades, the American Civil War, World Wars 1 and 2, Korea and most recently, with the Contras in Nicaragua.

He stuck to his story under hypnosis.

Dr. Canelas said: "The clincher was the living tissue samples we took before he died. Analysis of the samples placed his birthdate between 1140 and 1170.

"That is a scientific fact."

His life will go down in medical history as a mystery.

Many things about human life we don't understand.

# The Pearly Blues

© 1987 By
ROGER Manning
A.B.I.M.I.O. publishing

Black is the color of his true lovers' clothes
She thinks I want to bed her
I just like looking at her face and offer her some PEARLS

It's dark as dungeon way down in the subway
Hey, don't cut me 'cause I'm white
I won't cut you 'cause you're not
But hang out, check out my string of PEARLS

In the SAD folk singer night I almost
caught myself wearing my tears like a badge
I Fix my broken strings and thread them
through your lives as you make your way
back up to the streets surrounded by a
million bricks that point in every direction
across the continent.

I was Jazzing along on the couch with
my baby. The bass was the train, the SAX played
the scenery, She pulled my heart out with her
little blue eyes, KISSED it and put it back.
She's a sponge, she SOAKS up my words and
makes them into PEARLS.

the world is mine because I'm POOR says the
On-the-Road alcholic. Cold, wet-shoed in the RAIN
He walks past your window through your
SAD TV night light...

(continued) ⇒

The PEARLY Blues ©1987 Roger Manning (continued)

"People WORK hard and End up with nothing
I aint got nothing either but, atleast I didnt
WORK hard For it. I aint got nothing
Except maybe this string of PEARLS."

In AmsterDAM I slept next to a Library
in The Bushes, sang in The streets and cheated on
Bus tickets. I never saw Michelle Shocked
arround, I hear she was up EARLy in that town.
Back in N.Y., dead in the water, nothing
to Blow me Away. Had to go diving FOR PEARLS
Combat Rock blasting and it had to be
a FOLK song 'cause everybody knew the words
But THIS This is NOT A FOLKSONG!
THIS is NOT A Folk Song!
THIS is NOT A FOLK SONG!

It's just a STRING of PEARLS.

dedicated to "Fucking" Bob
Guilino

Remember:
NO RIO Rules etc.

## SHE COULD HAVE BEEN FROM NEW YORK CITY

When I look into your eyes
I get the feeling that,
Behind that thin wall of conceit
Emotion is waiting to burst out by the tons.

So don't say no.
Because when I get you home and
Strip you of your lackluster-highdrama,
I notice that your fishnet stockings have
Chafed your thighs
And that you orgasm is more important to you
Than your $300 italian shoes.

Donald L. Jackson 1987

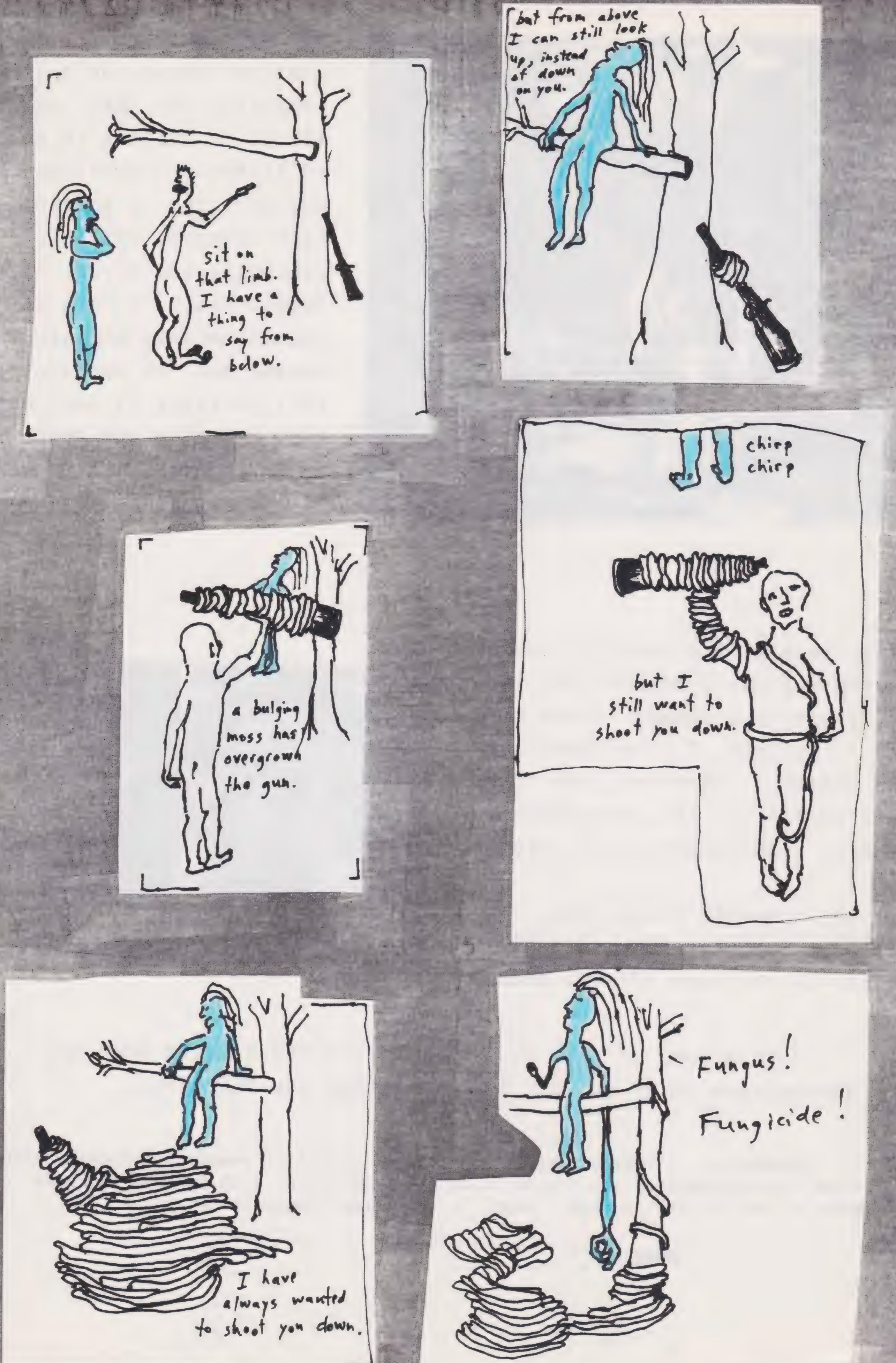
## UNTITLED

My wife hasn't been invented yet.
My psychiatrist hasn't been invented yet.
Sun light slashes throuh all too brilliantly,
The day after a one night stand.

Three guitar chords take me from,
Heaven to hell in a matter of seconds.
Reccuring thoughts of flowers, romance and love.

My sperm lies dead in a strangers bedroom.

Donald L. Jackson 1987


sit on that limb. I have a thing to say from below.
but from above I can still look up, instead of down on you.
a bulging moss has overgrown the gun.
chirp chirp
but I still want to shoot you down.
I have always wanted to shoot you down.
Fungus!
Fungicide!

Just as sucking on helium heightens the pitch of the voice, so milling in the mist of distrust humidifies what emerges from my throat as my lips contour, syllable by syllable, the words, "I will defeat you." We are all thus simultaneously in both the boxing and the auction ring. Yes, we fight it out, but we also appraise one another. We say, "I sized him up."

Scrutiny is a muzzle (bidders appreciate the quiet); I cannot 'get it off my chest.' I cannot 'clear my throat.' Instead, I stop breathing. In the waters of distrust, eye contact is as 'A' and 'B' demonstrate.

A: You're employing mirrors, aren't you?

B: I will win this stare down.

To 'see eye to eye' means to hide the tumor on the back of your head.

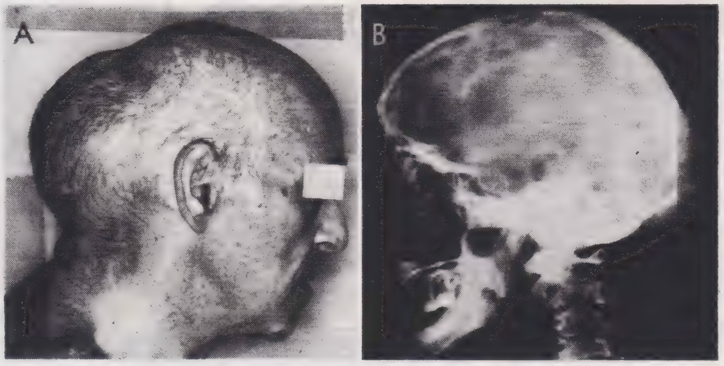
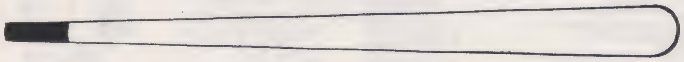


Fig. 73.—*A* and *B*, skull metastasis in patient with renal cell cancer represents the only metastasis in this patient, who is alive and otherwise well 4 years after diagnosis. (Courtesy of Grabstald, H.: New York J. Med. 64:2658-2671, Nov. 1, 1964.)

With a lump of fear in my throat and the plaster dust of abandonment in my eyes, I lose my charm, you might say.

Treatment. A very successful and simple method of removing a foreign object from the esophagus of the bovine is by means of a wire bent double. A number nine wire is bent double to form a loop, in the manner shown below.



jump for joy , Pete 22/150

OPEN 24 HOURS

hi, this is mitch corber

in the face of
today's economy
we can't help but think of art
as a commodity

the something beautiful
that perhaps appealing thing
that feminine ring
to a space
a visual or oral
enhancement
becomes the tone of
cash

money

a stash of-of
currency

a translation on some kind of
[eek]
eekonomic spectrum

no, I'm just talking about
dollars
for art, ya know

sure there's no tragedy here
it's capitalism and even
in socialism the art value
is
an economic thing

it creates a status
a sort of ladder
a hierarchy
a climbing thing
a go-get-it thing

are some of the artists
you never see
the better ones
the truer ones
who don't want to get
their fingernails dirty?

do you refuse
to play the game?

not that you're not
in the artist's realm

'cause what is original?
what is theft?
what is borrowing?
what is folk art?

what passes down from
generation to generation?

why the song lyric?
why a stanza?
why a rhyme?

why words?

maybe there's something
precious in the
hand-made

or am i breathing
a little funny?

scratching the adam's apple
for a kind of integrity
a kind of real quality

i'd like to make art=economy,
i'd like to make an economy
out of
this whole "gizmo"

i'd like a catharsis here
that-that paid me off

i'd like a way,
a kind of routine,
a route, a highway
and so,

i watch a few friends
"wall street" their prices,
not tell me the whole truth
& nothing but

because

because
business is lead time
it's waiting time

the paint has to dry

and the tones & the colors
have to re-form
in a catalog

no, i mean
it's all logical

the pock-marked, pimpled
economy needs us
needs the original thinkers
--don't ya think?

i mean
sure,
money buys the art
that is made

from the heart

- mitch corber
nyc'87

16 hours from ruin
then you show up
what's wrong with your head
or
what's that on top
I can't get through
although everybody else seems to
busy busy busy
the cat's at home
dialing up new countries
I'm of the conviction
I'm convinced
when the engines scream
they're coming for me
Another nite ends
and with it the moon
worn down one more revolution
Tonite you bleed
the truth out-
Standing
once again
in vein.

... And so went the day
And so went the days
with not so much
as a calculated thrill
you have the will
I the urge
Commence Firing
twenty paces back
Paint desire's Faces black
Trust me when I say I lied
I changed my mind
soul
heart
body
inside out
changed the sheets
the station
Yesterday's headlines read: No News is no news
No Escape is Complete

Now I can't • Now's the time and nowhere's the place • No
one to point the finger at • swallow it whole • Now and again
I get this way • Now do you understand? • Now, I can get
pretty ugly • Now I am • Not Now • Later • Later • Latest
Now, Now • Now I know what it is • to want • I CAN'T
HELP † BUT THINK † THERE IS NO HEAT † THE FIRE OF LOVE †
WON'T WARM THE APARTMENT † VACANT † What makes me
think • too much • what makes me think • you want • something
to do • with me • it's the same at the bottom • the list is
long • what makes me think • too much • will surely kill me •
You're doing a good job • yourself •
She was painfully aware x her nostrils flared x smokin x
Full up x red x squeeze in x squeeze it in x the dinner cooked x
the walls drew x applying x science x not to make it back x
back up x Paula with a capitol "P" • eye open • up • down •
the stairs • spiral fury • no need • only want • you're lucky
to keep that • once more • and out it goes • the window •
Time to kill * if you don't mind * I wouldn't * if
You do me in * time * one more rotation * Alleviate *
All seriousness * Aside * Beside * Bedside * Your
motor nerve function * (Your mother fucken nerve) *
with cameras * clicking * away * From the shutter's prying
eye * Bug-eyed * Pin eye * shut eye * Shuttered *
All holed up and no face to go * *

Dimswitch
Lights out
Vision on the blink
Fuse box
Finger in
wrapped around the sink
Low down
Floor Face
settling in for the night
Wet brain
kept one
Hell bound satalite

Where in you've been spittin
up streets and avenues
weary arms and warnig souls
Laid out in full view

Fold the corners
Press the middle
Roll the edges

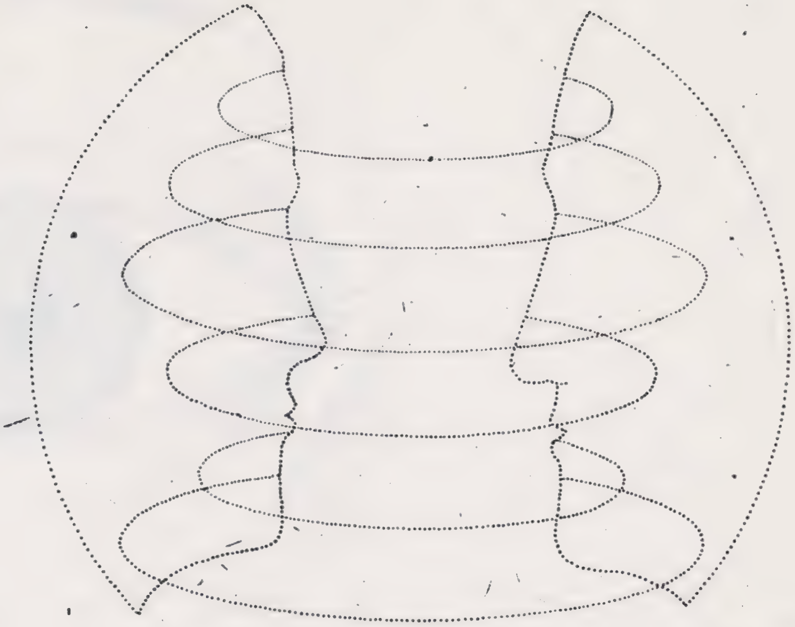
Climb the stairs
Slide the bolt
Walk the ledges

In real far
In real deep
In real trouble

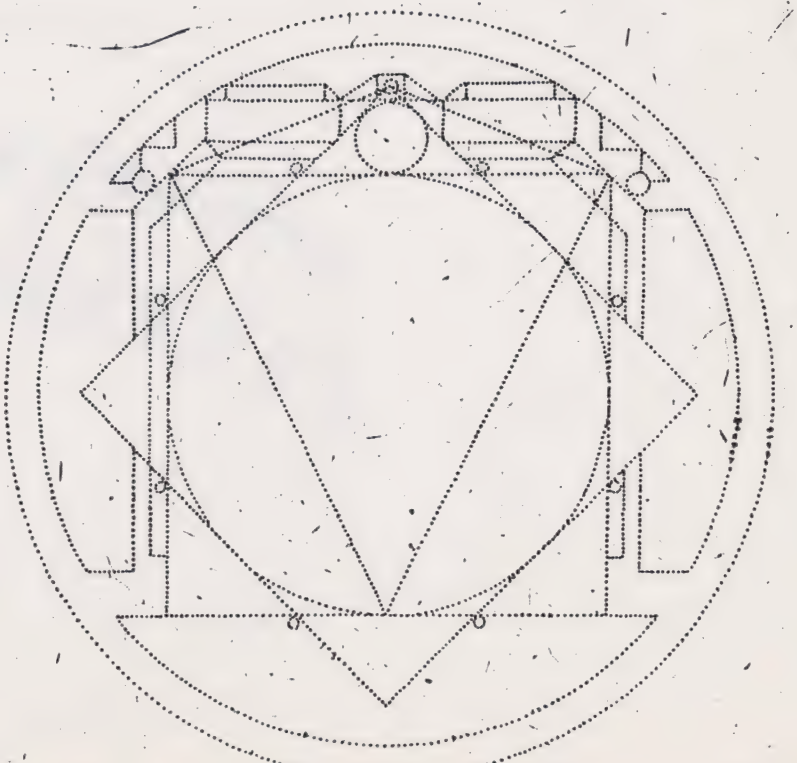
Coney Island
Porno dogs
Wallow wrapped in blankets
Broken toed
Every night
Ends up thankless

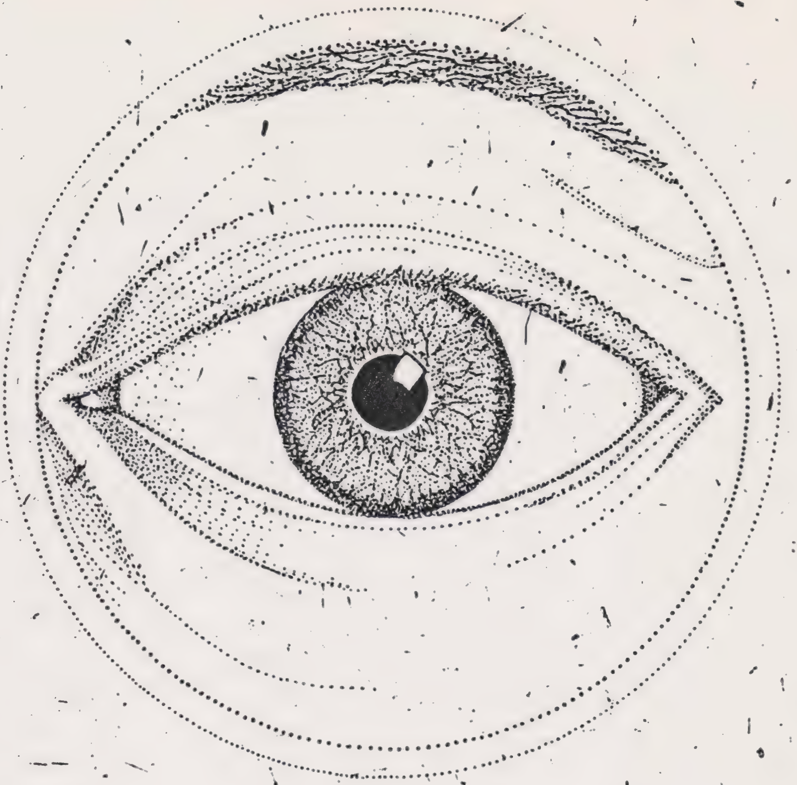
Fuck Face
up one
Occupying mass
Plugs a few
Horns of plenty
CEMENT
RIVER
CRASH

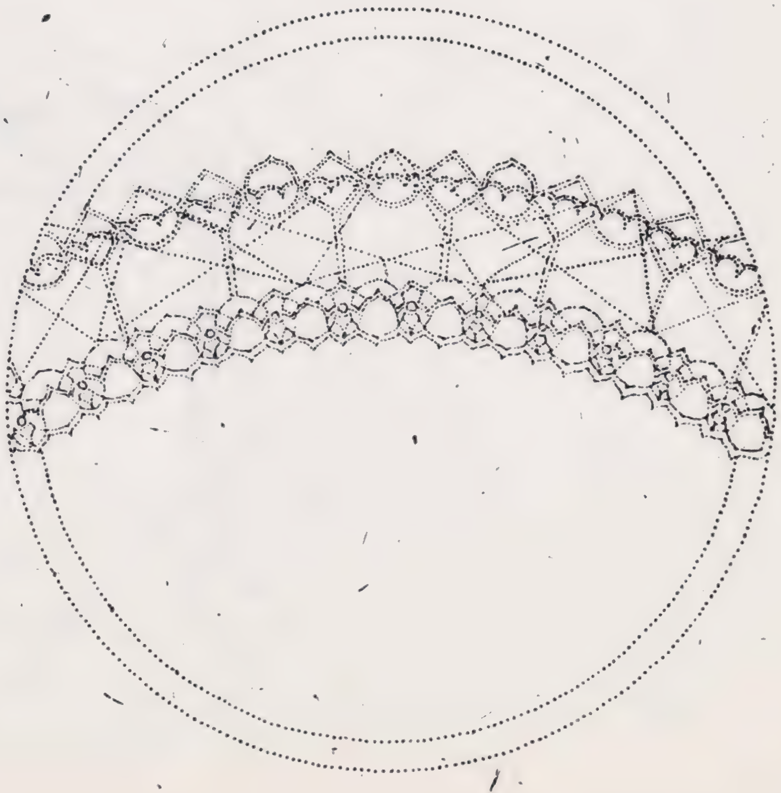
JEFF D



ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM "BOOK OF WONDER" - GARRICK BECK







## LIFE GOES ON

Someone is born
and someone dies
each and every day
Someone mourns
and someone cries
and it's someone's wedding day
But life goes on
towards it's new dawn
in God's own special way
and all I know
is we're not alone
We share our lives each day
Some have hell
and some have heaven
on this Earth we live
Some will give
and some will take
and some will birth a babe
And all I know
is we're not alone
We share our lives each way
Some are friends
and some are foes
Some don't even know
they have a soul
But life goes on
toward its new dawn
in God's own special day
Some will pray
and some will pay
for debts they've left unchecked
Some will lie
and some will say
that truth is the only way
And all I know
is we're not alone
We share our lives each day

© Rebecca Moore Frey
1986

## GIVE ME A P

by jan Schmidt

Give me a "P". Give me an "E". Give me an "N". Give me an "I". Give me an "S". What does it spell? Power. What does it spell? Freedom. What does it mean? Glory.

I just want to grow one. Give me a dick. Let me go to the restaurant where my girlfriend works and have free food. I want to bring me friends too. Let her feed us all. Then I want to borrow twenty from her. Tell her how wonderful and generous she is. I want to get good and high on her twenty and write great short stories. All because I have a penis. I know. I see it all the time. It must be the penis.

I want to be high on my girlfriends twenty, and write beautiful love stories for her. Then maybe if I feel like it, I will seduce the girl sitting next to me. I will pursue her with the power of my poetry, she will understand how I love that woman at the restaurant, and how I have to be free. How my creative genius is fueled by her love and devotion. How I am able to love more than one woman at a time, how my sensitive artistic nature needs women to inspire it to greater heights. Yes, give me a penis.

I need that little piece of flesh so I can poke and probe around the world with absolute surety that nothing I do can be wrong because I have a dick. If I make mistakes it is because I am living on the edge. I am a wildman. I must be free to do as I please because I am an artist with a dick. I am living proof that mankind is a wonderful piece of work, and I have barely six inches to prove it.

I want to wander the world like a child free from the responsibilities of ordinary mortals, because I have a dick. I want to feel the love of a woman who will walk through fire for me. I want to watch her walk through fire for me and I want to walk away from her, cleansed by her devotion. That little stump sticking out of the front of my body will make me free. I won't have to worry about consequences. I will be loved and catered to. I will be able to convince other men, that without any prior knowledge, I can work on electrical things.

I want toread my stories to an audience and have them tell me what a sensitive guy I am. Without a dick, they will say, "She must really have been burned by some guy." "She must be a lesbian." Not one word you say is heard if you don't have a dick. But with a dick I am powerful and talented, and deeply artistic. What do women want? They all want dick.

Two four six eight, who do we appreciate? Dick. Dick. Dick.Dick. One two three four,all the women out the door. Give me a "C". Give me a "L". Give me an"I". Give me a "T". What does it spell? Clitspah. What does it spell? Forget it. What does it mean? Fuck you!

## Thought Specimen I

Lizards slither over purple rocks
Clouds gather w/black thunder
People's thoughts flesh
Under lids hot
W/desires in the swamp of our heart
Pululating thoughts
Betray unspoken secrets of Evil
Tangled vines of thought
In the jungle-night of Mind
The question is:
Will we ever find peace
On Earth?

i wonder.

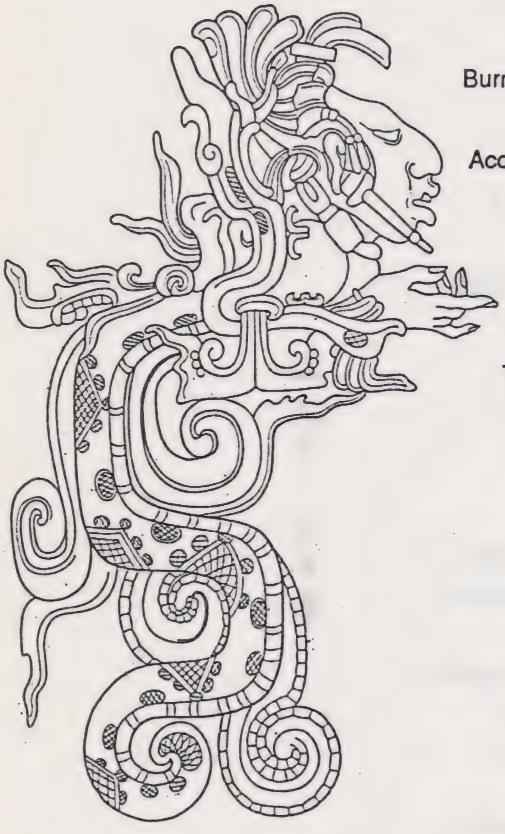
## Thought Specimen III

Seen from Eternity
What is this dustbowl of Light-
The Creation?
What is this configuration
Of non-configuration?
It's You- the obvious reply
But beyond our creator's thought
Giving life to countless worlds
Beyond the tatterdemalion Border of Matter
Beyond the vortextual whirl of Ethers
Beyond the bacchanal of vibrant dancers
The Question lies in wait
For the Answer?

-The ambush of the Void
For we have only feared No-thing.

## Thought Specimen II

Ringing bells of crystal
Explosions on the Thought-plane
Burning pins of rain crisscrossing into starbeams
Fiery spirals dialate
Mandalas of Mind
Acceptance of Heart - release all you've Denied
Have infinite sight
Through *every-eye-ever-living*
Find the points of Light
That are Other
Enlightened beings
The Promise that awaits
Beyond the stars
The thoughts that allow us to leap so far
Orbs of crystal containing the Future
And Earth vibrant as Heart.

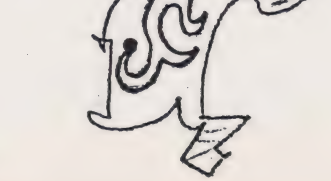


## Void Interface

A spiral sucks itself up.
A universe is born
Between our glance
Time's final implosion:
At zero o'clock : Dissected second
Infinitly long...

O , vibrant dance!
Secret cyphers enchant
To sup the blood of stars , aim the fire serpent.

As magick lanterns float up into the skies
There is a curious tugging of nerves
Behind the eyes
I see a tear
In the fabric of space
And as far as anyone can see:
**Nothing Exists.**



## The Zeros Between Seconds

Your blood is the flow
Between stars
Neurons-pulsars
Traversing
The Unknown
Answers : the Question

Hieroglyphs appear over the horizon
The ocean cums over land
Your constellated flesh
Bears the *new* design of the Dragon

As the crystal skull emits Quetzalcoatl
A clock shrivels up in a vacuum
Orbiting protons expand our flesh
And we count the zeros between seconds

## Body-Magick

Falling into the cavernous chest
Winds without direction
Exploding heads

Time swells
On the line
Of event-horizons

Behind the eyes
In a night of flesh
I search the synapse

A star collapses
Yeah.

©ANDRÉANON

# Quantum Saturnalia

Bulbous beasts of flesh
Smiling satyrs' heads
Alive one moment-
Out of the watery abyss
Then dead the next-
Into the writhing Earth

People run through the street
Madly ripping off clothes
The street becomes a river of flesh
Of writhing bodies
Limbs like snakes
Tongues of serpents
Hands & chests

Then presently you see
A human ladder of naked bodies
Extending into the infinity of heavens

The dusk turns dawn turns dusk again
Day & Night lose distinction
Stars descend from the sky
Like fantastic jewels
Bioluminesce like deep sea jellyfish

You dive into the sky
Fall through fathoms of time
Angles that defy description
Magnetic phenomenon
Speed of Light squared
Incredible acceleration
Loss of time , place , person , & space
No longer scared
You speak the Language of Light
And the Body is the Bride of Fire.

© ANDRÉ ANDANLOSAN ANON999

# INCREDIBLE SPEEDS

BY BLAKE NELSON
© 1985, 1987

This is not a time for hesitation
This is a time of incredible speeds
This is a time when people do
Whatever they want

Today I walked into oncoming traffic
Brakes grabbed axles
Cars and trucks screeched to a stop
I made them stop
I made them do
Whatever they want

The world is so bright and new
That anything left alone
Will immediately accelerate
And travel at
Incredible speeds

I am a modern man
And you are a modern woman
And they are our modern friends
And this is the modern world
And today I walked into oncoming traffic
Tires burned on concrete
Cars and trucks
Screeched to a stop

If they don't want to stop
They don't have to stop
They can do
Whatever they want

Through the air
Things travel so fast
That when you hear them
They are gone

Today I walked into oncoming traffic
Wheels locked into place
Cars and trucks
Screeched to a stop

Everything travels so fast
That no matter how fast one travels
Everything is still travelling
At incredible speeds

You are a modern woman
And you can do
Whatever you want
And I am a modern man
And I can do
Whatever I want
And today I walked into oncoming traffic
Cars and trucks travelling
At incredible speeds

# What Happens When You Die?

What happens when you die
Do you even know it
Do you suddenly realize why you did all those stupid things you did
Does some one take out the cosmic adding machine and count up your
karma points - plus in black , minus in red
Do you get that moment of perfect clarity when you understand every soul in the universe
Are there souls
Is there a universe
Do you feel that depth of understanding when you know why your mother fucked **you over**
**so** badly -
Do you finally forgive her
Do you fly out of your body looking at the world from this omnipresent point of view
Do you feel badly you died
Did you actually choose to do this
Do you look at your body like an old used car you finally had to abandon at the dump
Do you start your journey to the Land of the Dead always remembering to walk
towards the light
Or stand at the Pearly Gates patiently queing up for a pair of wings
Do you have to wait forty days or can you depart immediately, can you take
small hand luggage if it fits under the seat
Do you have to have a guide
Can you finally meet your guardian angel
Or your maker
Does God personally welcome you to the glorious beyond
Do you have to wear white for all eternity
Do you get to meet all the famous people who died before you got to talk to them on eart
Can you talk
Or do you float around with this all knowing smile on your face

Do you hang around in limbo knocking once for yes and twice for no

Or make funny faces from inside a crystal ball

Do you carry the chain you've forged in life

rattling about in old haunts

Or sneak up on those who done you wrong

Do you get to ask for another chance

Or fill out an application to come back to earth as an ardvark

Is hell all it's made out to be

What exactly is brimestone anyway

What happens when you die ?

Michele Corriel

# FOUR VICIOUS KITTENS

MIKE RIMBAUD

FOUR VICIOUS KITTENS AND A SALTY DOG
LOOKING FOR ACTION, LOOKS LIKE A LYNCH MOB
ELVIS ON VELVET, BLACK AND BLUE
NATURE VERSUS NATURE, THE VIRUS IS NEW

SEX KITTEN ON THE KILLING FLOOR
MY SWEETHEART, AIDS, EL SALVADOR

SUFFERED AND SATISFIED
INDIAN IRONY EYES
YOU PUT ME IN FOUR WHEEL DRIVE
ANOTHER BLAST OF SURPRISE

ONE IS SEX KITTEN, TWO IS SAINTLY
THREE IS A GENERAL, FOUR IS FOR ME
AND THIS MUSIC ON RADIO AND T.V. IS
SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL GOOD
BUT GETS ME ANGRY

SEX KITTEN ON THE KILLING FLOOR
TWO MORE KITTENS GETTING DIVORCED

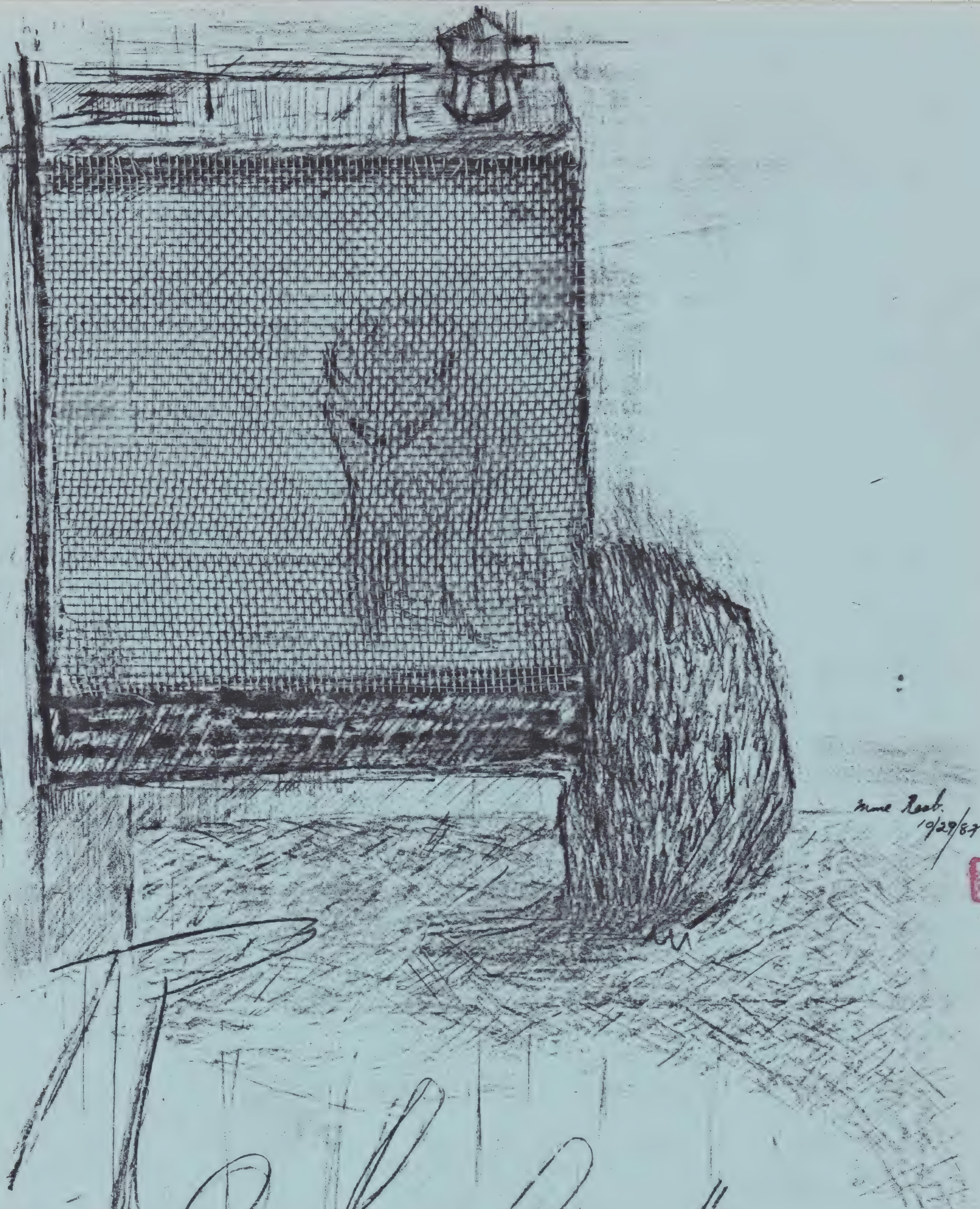
SHOULD YOU PLAY BY YOURSELF
OR FADE AWAY? YOU GOT A BLIND SPOT?
CAN YOU ACT YOUR WAY?
ONE VICIOUS KITTEN SCRATCHING AT MY DOOR
ENTER THE CATS INSECURITY GUARDS

SEX KITTEN ON THE KILLING FLOOR
TWO MORE KITTENS GETTING DIVORCED

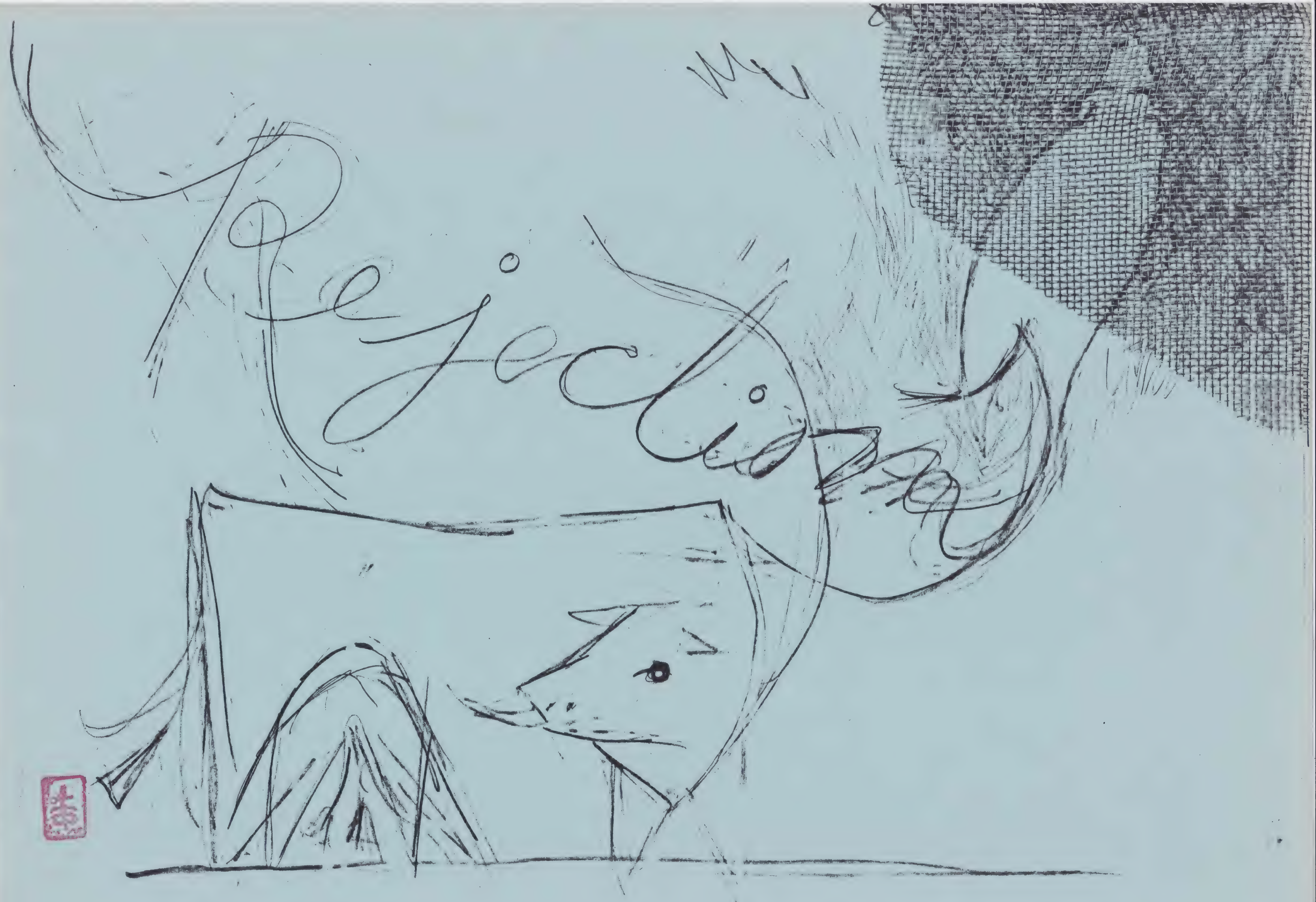
SEX KITTEN ON THE KILLING FLOOR.

(MUSIC IN D MINOR)

—MIKE RIMBAUD · 11·'87


mme Reeb.
10/29/87

# Reflection


Rejection

## HERE'S A MAN

George Wing

Here's a man
Who shook the mane of shaggy days
And made a change.

It takes many boats, he says
To traverse the many oceans
Two hands to love a woman right
And a sharper eye in autumn
When shapes rustle in the leaves
And the cool air is richer --
The natural time to think.

Here's a man whose clothes are tighter
At the wrists and at the ankles.
Who knows the woods and wears a beard
Whose face is flecked with bits of leaves
And would burrow in the moss like a furry creature
If he knew that men would pass and leave him undisturbed.

Here's a man who wastes no time
He's cracking nuts and digging earth
There's clear water in the lake
And he drinks it.

He spies a girl on a rocky path
And he removes his shoes for her.
Such feet he shows her --
Brown and strong --
Hairy on the toes --
Nails worn the natural way --
That she can't help but walk with him
And hear the cracking of his bones.

Here's a man who shoots a deer
Without thinking anything
He slips his hand under its skin
And smiles at the warmth.

## sounds

the sound of a match striking
the sound of a faucet dripping
the sound of street laughter

all against the sound
of a music

a music celestial
a music cerebral
a music heartfelt

like life
the layers of sounds

the sounds of
sound against sound
the sounds of
music against music
the sounds of
sound against music
the sounds of
music against sound

---

## candles

i have a vocation
to light candles

i will light candles
when there is desire

i will leave them
in the wind

light them again
and again

white candles
spirit candles

blue flames
to nurture

do you know
the melting wax

do you know
the motion of fire

do you know
the wind voices

do you know
how these things combine

in a quiet way
in a wild way

watch the wax melt
running together
like our blood
congealing in the night air
watch the flames
playing hide and seek
with the wind

i will light candles

i will leave them in the wind

light them again and again

until peace blows out the candles

## moon poem

the moon
the white moon
the yellow moon
the orange moon
the blue moon
the one that "hits your eye like a pizza pie"
the one you "go walking after midnight after"
the "silvery" one
the "shine on shine on" one
the midsummer nights moon
the harvest moon
the moon of winter
the planting moon
the new moon
the full moon
the moon of all the fractions
the moon of all the signs
the hare moon
the hidden one
the moon of darkness
the visible one
the moon of all our nights
the moon of all our dreams

cool beams of light
they change the tides
they change our inner worlds
they make lunar cycles
our moon muse
our moon gods and esses
our moon old man
our moon child
sprung from our ocean
entering our nights
entering our vision
entering our dreams
entering our beings
lunar lunar lunar
the moon beams

## untitled love poem

all the most beautiful creatures
took alien form
they were from foreign lands

lands of greenness
lands of rhytmn
lands of opal

the creatures of kindness
the creatures of common movement
they come from faraway places

places of blueness
places of drums
places of jade

we are from
spheres of emerald saphires
we are from
spheres of saphire emeralds
people opal jade

heidi marben
1987

EINS

# Amerikan dreams

by Kevin Matthew Eaton, copyright, 1987

vision's of
Kerouac,
riding some freight
west
from Chicago,
bound for the "Golden Gate"
bound for glory
as the like's of Guthrey,
out chasing amerikan dreams
not the childhood nightmares
of Lowell, Massachusetts.

vision's of
Crazy Horse,
eyes to the Sun,
foot to the Mother,
heart in a box,
in some canyon,
gulch,
crick,
oh bury the sons
of Poe, and Whitman,
on the banks of Wounded Knee,

'Kreee!',
the Spotted Eagle speaks,
as I burn in the Sun.

the Sun I see

is the very same Sun
        as any man will ever see,
            and be I killed in galant battle
                against evil enemies,
                or am merely the victim
                    of some GERMWAR plague,
does'nt really matter
          for the Sun is sure to rise
yet another day.

vision's of
Kerouac,
       and my own vision's
               of an Amerika
                        down at the end
                                    of some other
                         free/way

# WOODEN NICKEL

I was born in March in Boston Lying-In Hospital while my dad and grandmother played Russian Bank.
I am named after Eliza Doolittle.
I get sick on small planes.
I sleep on my back, mostly with my head turned to the right.
I kiss on the mouth.
I sucked my fingers when I was little.
I sell municipal bonds.
I read my poem "I Never Forget" at the Roxy Grill in New Brunswick, N.J.
I have read the business section of the *New York Times* every single day for the last three and a half years.
I need exercise, so I walk and fuck.
I'm uncomfortable about my body
I wear baggy pants.
I have child bearing hips.
I am a chicken.
I stare at men's asses.
I laugh from my stomach.
I love my father, but he scares me.
I love my mother like a sister.
I wear a fake expensive watch because it's thin and doesn't catch on things.
I am a victim of spiritual materialism.
I got bitten on the shoulder by Rick last night.
He didn't even ask me to dance.
I was called a cunt by Gregory Corso.
I claim fame.
I slept with a guy in Boulder that I'd dated when I was 15.
I wanted to see if it would feel the same.
I was satisfied, kind of.
I ached the next day.
I thought about Gene this morning.
I don't think he needs to know.
I wore braces on every tooth in my mouth because I grew fangs.
I got pregnant, became engaged, had an abortion.
I cried about not being in love with the father.
I pretend to be listening to people.
I look them straight in the eye.
I turn the volume off and watch their mouths move.

I had a breakthrough writing about farting in the bathtub.
I drive an Audi Quattro.
I am a Yuppie who used to be a Bohemian.
I dreamt my mother shoved a curtain rod through my father's chest in the frozen food section of the grocery store, where I stood watching her from the vegetable section.
I watched her float toward me, laughing.
I saw her do the same thing to me.
I was laughing.
I understand that there is a difference in monetary value between the signatures of Allen Ginsberg and Picasso.
I would sell my signed copy of HOWL if I needed to eat.
I promise to love God and fight for my country.
I leave Sunday at three o'clock.
I started smoking pot with Michael Miller when I was thirteen, then I slept with him.
I learned that some people just don't care.
I have had enough.
I listened to Fortune tell her dream about Anne Waldman throwing the Empire State Building at her.
I made three copies of eighteen poems.
I gave one to Larry Fagin.
I put one in Gregory Corso's briefcase so he wouldn't lose it.
Jack Collom asked me for one.
I won't sleep with anyone to get ahead.
I will get ahead on the power of anticipation.
I make very few promises to myself that I keep.
I'm sorry Gene.
I slow down now because it's better.
I look forward to seeing your face at the gate at Newark Airport.
I don't believe Fortune was ever a prostitute for money.
I was warned about Fortune by someone who thought I should be.
I hear magpies and jays fighting in the weeds.
I saw Nanao Sakaki talk to a squirrel with his hands.
I took my shoes off with Allen Ginsberg.
I smiled at myself, pleased about something I'd written.
I caught a cold in Boulder doing lines.
I dance because I like to shake myself.
I drank a quart of whiskey when I was thirteen and wound up in the hospital with a needle in my arm.

I have a backache from a soft bed.
I saw the moon shake on the roof of Kappa Sigma
I am a romantic.
I don't wear underwear.
It's been worth it so far.
I look forward to waking up in the morning.
My father used to say, "Sleep well, but remember, don't take any
wooden nickels..."

So I never did.

Liza C. Pille

## VAN GOGH´S LAST POEMS # 1

The asylum of St.Remy has such long hallways
Patients scurry down them to their hollow windows.
I fill them with whorls of cypress.
I fill them with fields of poppies and patchwork.
My window is a birdseye view of summer and olive trees.
Dearest Theo, I give you these wheat fields
these orchards and sunflowers to keep.
My sober handling of the land
draws me curves and counter curves of light.
The cypresses dance greenly as a splash of black notes
ring from the church.  My window keeps me safe from the fields.
They overwhelm me.

Liza Pille

## ALONE AT MY EASEL, I FEEL SLIGHTLY ALIVE #2

I recall a plough, and the tyrant wife of a sun.
Today, my only refuge is a stand of trees
that dwarf me to a pitieous black blip on the canvas.
Death came in the pure tones of gold and sweat
as the fields closed in. The fields crack like
crows wings until rain sweeps in purple and yellow.
I must return to Auvers - the houses, the walkways.
The whiteness of walls and blue roofs
gives me the mood of too much calm.
I follow the even white cart tracks
down the center of the road. One day, I decide to go out
and paint in the field. I prop my easel against a haystack.
My gun is heavy in my hand. I miss my heart and wait
for Theo to come sit by my side.
The olive trees sag, heavy with fruit.
The mood of too much calm has returned.

Liza Pille

# Winding It Out

I Dimwit people who drink too much
sweat it out anyway but after
it's over tenderness crashes
in winding down to infathomable
surveys. Night is open ended
as we crawl into its groove.
Desperation fills the trench
standing like mosquito eggs
on marshy Texas water. Harrass
me with your candid thoughts
nonstop. How much can you say
as loudly as a trumpet without
harnessing your freedom?
A cluttered mind never quits
trying to sort out its pile
of mental paperwork.

II Only fools don't like Elvis or screwing.
I plead with people to understand.
Tension, the night is thunder
and crispy sound of lightning.
Behind us the squats on 8th Street
await crucifixion by landlords
who see underdevelopment as a deadly
barbecue. You led me through the old
halls some would consider so dismal
not even a frog would tolerate the rude
surroundings. At the door, tasting you
now but not permanently, your red
from the cold hand reaches through a hole
grabbing a chain bigger than your wrist
and unlocks the entrance to this tired
excuse for an apartment building.
We walk up stairs cut from police
barricades, tentatively at best.
My better sense refuting our actions
but my sense of adventure and faith
in your knowledge keep conscience in debt
to reason. Savage staircase ready
to revolt against footsteps that long ago
promised they would not return
to these condemned premises. Survival
on its basest level. Air is musty
walls are decaying with a wet smell
that twangs my nose.

III Passivity, I lay with my back comfortable
taking you into myself, into my part of earth.
Your calves hook around the back of my knees.

Hugh Foley
5/87 #3

# Petals

In a backstage room
piled with drums and cases
by which all rock-n-roll moves
I sit in the shadows
remembering the rose
found outside CBGB
and picking it up
for you.

Discarded beauty
the idea of it slurs
into music.

Home now
where candle heat
wakes me to branches
scraping the window.

So, I look out
as a streetlamp throws
your silhouette
on the sidewalk
head moving side   to side
direction a choice
of uncertainties.

These flowers are cut
from a broken dream
I saw in your room.

Hugh Foley

Thaddeus Rutkowski

# UFOs

## THE SAUCER MAN

The saucer man led all of us away. We followed in a trance as he played a space pipe and danced. We marched in twos to where the rocket waited. We marched through Canada to the North Pole. The saucer man lasered my lover as I hid in an attic in an Arctic town and waited, watching them march through the tundra.

## THE SPACE INVADER

The space invader blew all of us away. We tracked him with our joysticks as he inched toward our barracks. We hid inside our fortress as the alien battalion advanced. We hid for light years, until our defenses crumbled. The space invader vaporized my bivouac as I reversed direction and skittered, observing my reinforcements as they crossed the event horizon.

## THE SAUCER WOMAN

The saucer woman turned all of us away. We approached her, mesmerized, as she communicated telepathically, with her eyes. We approached her singly (in the absence of witnesses). We presented ourselves as space-fearing humanoids. The saucer woman detonated a secret incendiary device as I crouched behind the launch pad and waited, watching her scorch the treeless plains.

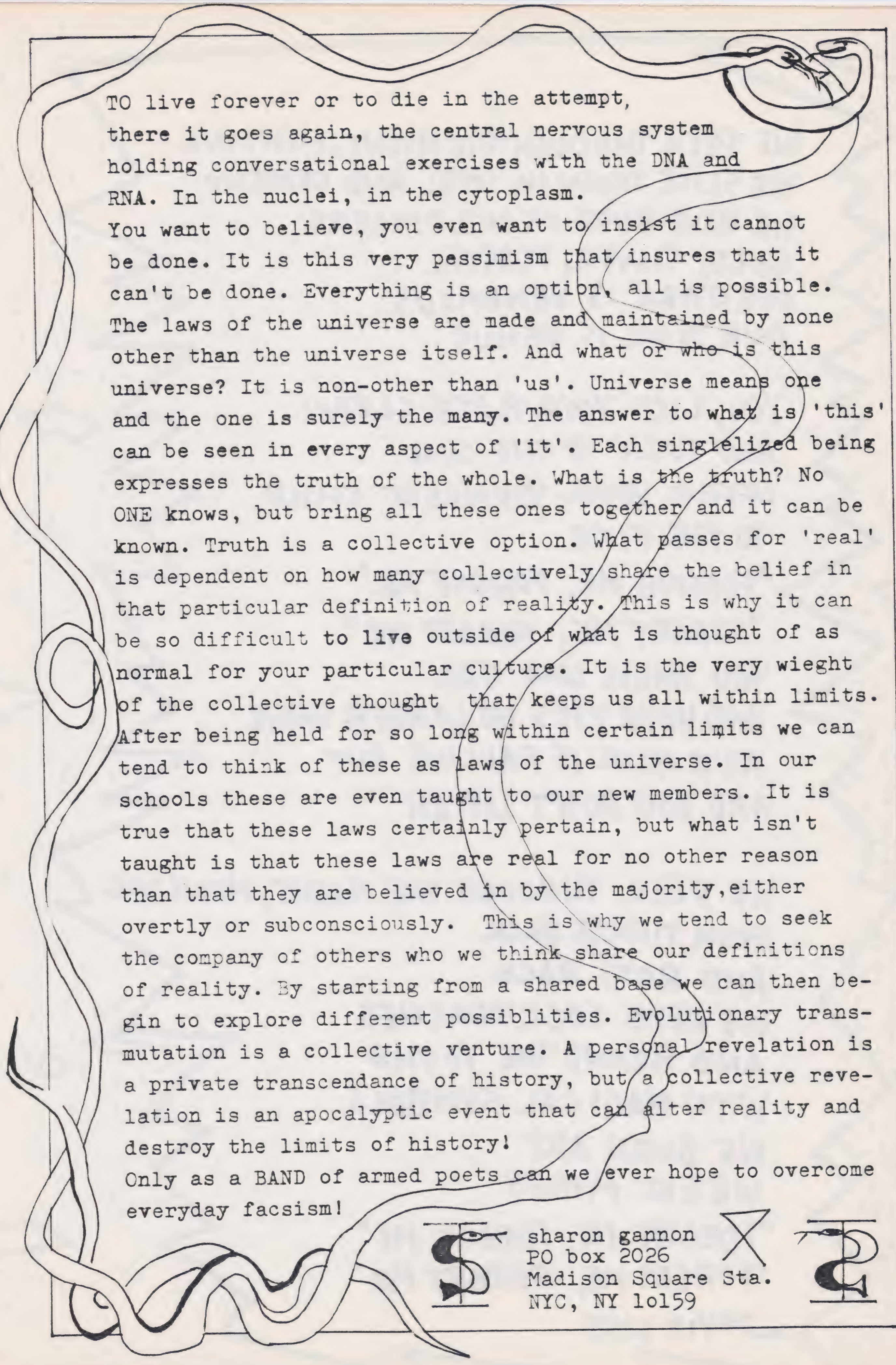
## THE SPACE MUSICIAN

The space musician drove all of us away. We had to stop our ears as he played a space sax and leered. We grouped ourselves together in a place that was familiar. We clustered with faces outward next to the reactor core. The space musician kidnapped our president as I engineered a minor meltdown and waited, watching them enter suborbit.

# Divine Insomnia

catches **up with my eating habits,**
is here to devour me again;
fumes of Hell's Kitchen on a cold february midnight
breezing through my hands and paralyzed nostrils--
I am in love with a madman
who tells fables about the ancient ruins of
City Bank halls and who claims he discovered
God in another galaxy, next to ours.
At home, at last, stars are very quiet tonight.
They watch me close, condescending
as I bang at my typewriter this never ending story
about two cities which I've never visited in my tired spirit.
The cats I never had, observe me from my armchairs
which I sold in Paris. whose postcards
I admired in Abijan, where I never lived, for a month.
Several lions had sniffed my bones
after the good supper they had at the poetry reading
in New York, one summer, and the man
I loved the best cleaned their paws
without humiliation because he believed
in my blurred vision saved by the lions
for his inquisitive mind.

**Nina Zïvancevic**



TO live forever or to die in the attempt, there it goes again, the central nervous system holding conversational exercises with the DNA and RNA. In the nuclei, in the cytoplasm.
You want to believe, you even want to insist it cannot be done. It is this very pessimism that insures that it can't be done. Everything is an option, all is possible. The laws of the universe are made and maintained by none other than the universe itself. And what or who is this universe? It is non-other than 'us'. Universe means one and the one is surely the many. The answer to what is 'this' can be seen in every aspect of 'it'. Each singlelized being expresses the truth of the whole. What is the truth? No ONE knows, but bring all these ones together and it can be known. Truth is a collective option. What passes for 'real' is dependent on how many collectively share the belief in that particular definition of reality. This is why it can be so difficult to live outside of what is thought of as normal for your particular culture. It is the very wieght of the collective thought that keeps us all within limits. After being held for so long within certain limits we can tend to think of these as laws of the universe. In our schools these are even taught to our new members. It is true that these laws certainly pertain, but what isn't taught is that these laws are real for no other reason than that they are believed in by the majority, either overtly or subconsciously. This is why we tend to seek the company of others who we think share our definitions of reality. By starting from a shared base we can then begin to explore different possiblities. Evolutionary transmutation is a collective venture. A personal revelation is a private transcendance of history, but a collective revelation is an apocalyptic event that can alter reality and destroy the limits of history!
Only as a BAND of armed poets can we ever hope to overcome everyday facsism!

sharon gannon
PO box 2026
Madison Square Sta.
NYC, NY 10159

WE PEER THROUGH THE NIGHT, HOWLING
WE SLICE THROUGH STEEL AND CEMENT
WE HAVE RINGS ON OUR FINGERS
GOLD, SILVER, PLASTIC
OURSTARE IS VENOMOUS
OUR STAR IS VENUS

YOU, LICK YOUR PLATE CLEAN
AND TURN TO THE SUN
OFFER YOUR YOUNGEST CHILD
TO THE FIRE
"FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME"
"FORGET ME, FORGET ME"
YOU SMELL LIKE JAIL
AND YOUR EYES NO LONGER SHINE
YOUR HAIR IS FALLING OUT
AND YOU DON'T LISTEN

WE PEER THROUGH THE NIGHT, HOWLING
FROM HORSE BACK
AND RATS' BACK
WE HERD COCKROACHES
AND BRAND THE YOUNG
WITH MAGICAL SYMBOLS
WE BURN ART
WE EAT MONEY
"FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME"
"FORGET ME, FORGET ME"
—DAVID LIFE

# The Bed

Whenever I think about suicide I think
tonight is the night   Though it never is, really
I mean murder is a goof
Death is only symbolic It isnt what you think it is,
I assure myself while heading home,
But you can never go back,
there is no home, no motherland
Away from when you look onwards to remember
Everything, everything is here you see
And death, you are a virgin
I feel you, I envelope you with completeness
I find you exhumed in the womb of my eye
And cast you away image, away symbol
I forsake you for I am not real
Because of you,
Because you will never die

Damien Grey 1987

# -WHILE YOU ARE ASLEEP-

heare on  the life boat we live ,
rinsed in salt, wet
the taste of you smeared across my face
sexy
so much we did'nt do, Babylon
yet what we did is like sharing death
in a kiss, alick
an intimate flavor of heaven, snakeish,
a kundilhini erection, aphinox blind to the pestulence
of the eternal embrace, becoming heros
instantly; we made it this far
and without a thought of forever
we live on and on (sliva that never dries)
the rain falls ~~on us now~~/in our eyes, blinking
we seed the next season
when our lost children die
before our stony fathers, their ashes
masks for another friends play......

D. GREY  12/12/87

Submit as is

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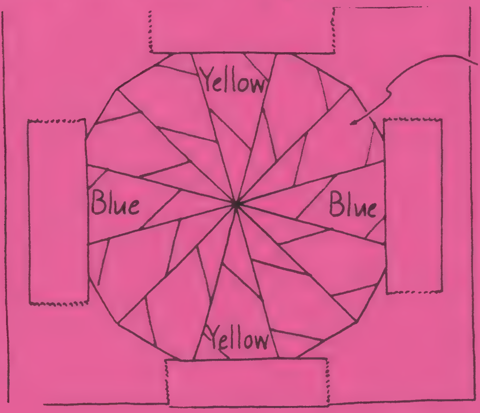
## BEGIN IN THE SUN

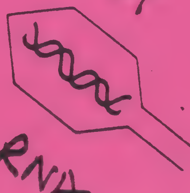


Prepararation
A time of beginnings
Go in round paths
The Moon waxes
The Harvest, vibrant jewels fingers have plucked
the Sun is hot
Ways I have travelled its' gift
the Moon, a panther.
Paths to have travelled on circles of the sun
where the ruins shone of fire and ice.
What did she think?
The forest trail was green and lush.
Vibrant dances of mottled light awake the underbrush
I do not know the trail
I am within the sound of water
Guided by the climbing of the sun
Who is to say where the moon begins
I only follow the sun to its' zenith
Ascend to the heights and then into a valley
Granite boulders left as if tossed by fingers of an errant wind
Ways we are together and apart
Many generations who have worked hard
Their love and dreams lingering over the ruins.
I see myself in vibrant flow of energy and dreams.
I see the earth challenge buildings built of man
So that they are once again filled with living things.
There is a plateau to watch the mountain
One can hear past lives and worship in the singing dance of light and shadow
Seeing and listening
Sun bounces off the earth in waves
Clambering on stone staircases
Grass and rocks, cool among the guts of ruins
The cat raced the shadows
Crisp mint and thyme as scent of approaching winter
Where we climb to paths we take
Places where Gods and mermaids enter in the splashing of Fall
Time is such a relative thing
Doorways we exit and return
As the seasons chase the stars of Fall
Tossing dice to read the Future left as casting wands and drawings on the wall
Sun radiates
It dazes
Sometimes the heat will intoxicate one
The heart always knows
It sometimes confuses
Wheres and whys and when
A circle of my love
Only the trees alive as they talk
I sleep and dream
What is it we remember and why
Round paths of light reach up to touch the clouds, remembering
Bees and honey
Fruit and fresh thing
Begin in the sun

I

Visual Characteristics
of Words

DNA



Eve

Ms. Eve Teitelbaum
101 West 12th Street
New York, New York 10011

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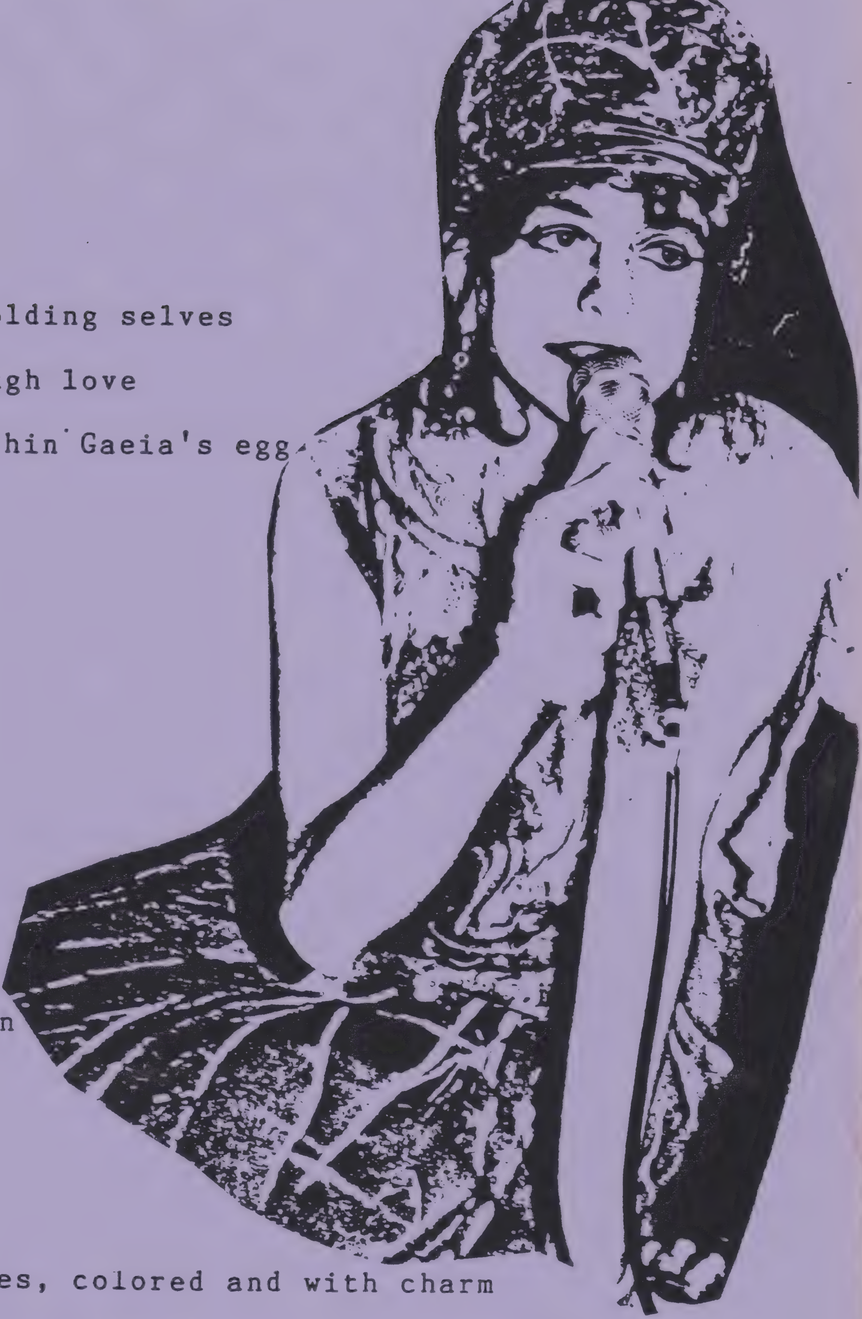
Dec 86



## WHO I AM

Always this progression of unfolding selves
Original union and mating through love
Spark of some special sperm within Gaeia's egg
Long travelled corridors
Wet moist seas
Penetration
Form a living being
Initial explosion
Bang bang
Self as the universe unwinds
Moving from child on
I think    I dream    I can
The POET
User of words
Painter of doors
Quantum world of simple particles, colored and with charm
Seeking a house by the lake where light shines from the inside
Only children go
Sparked flowers of Rousseau
Reaching with luminescent hands
Initial light
Beauty as no other
Skinnydip in deep pools naked
Gilded in gold
I SING

BIRTHPLACE OF MASSIVE STARS in M17

## HITCH HIKER

on a roadstop the moon high over her
she seems nearly electric waiting on the
near deserted highway. she has heavy eye-
shadow and a torn dress . . . two men stop
their truck and walk out hands open toward that
young, young girl . . . they want to force
themselves upon her and she turns to run.

they smile for she cannot escape, and are
startled to see her disappear and vanish before
their eyes in the night. minutes later their truck
swerves off a bridge and becomes a wreck in flames.
a comet blazes across the dark sky . . the wind blows
and for a thousanth of a second the face of the
girl materializes replacing the sky and stars
and the intimate darkness of night . . .
her laughter is thought to be midsummer thunder.

## NARCISSISM

Bogart doesn't like the table setting, so he slaps
the girl a few times and walks out of her life
James Dean on a motorcycle, circles around the church
when his flame Pier Angeli takes her vows
Marlon Brando portrays young, vulgar, and dangerous
brutes, but always has women falling all over him
Cagney squashes half a grapefruit in a woman's face,
perhaps he doesn't like the conversation
I call a former lover, I tell her I'm coming over
and to dress extremely casual
She tells me to go fuck myself, and hangs up,
this macho business is definitely not as easy
as it seems.

--- Robert Parody

## DANCER

for Juliet U.

Dancer into the future
you glide/ you got everything but
me on your side/ with no attachments
and a background bluer than sky/ you're
beautiful to watch--as if you've mastered grace/ as
if your shadow on the floor dancer isn't
even giving chase . . .

. . you can leave
most men under your spell/ as you
left me not being able to tell/ what
hit me, what hurt, what our contact meant
dancer when we turned into each other and then
against/ as our words echoed the bitterness
of surrender and refusal/ what music
was it our bodies played/ why
does it seem so unusual . . .

. . to walk away feeling
nothing and I guess that you have/ found out
how easy it is to separate from the past/ what
you need and what you can live without/ it isn't
easy for me now and for the first time I have
doubts/ faithful to nothing but alcohol and
cigarettes/ and lingering thoughts of
you dancer--somehow tinged with regret . . .

. . . that we didn't make it
last yet I cling to the belief/ dancer
that it worked out for you and I
seek/ someone offering more than images
thru mirrors--than unfinished overtures/ I
think of the moments you gave me and I'm
completely sure/ you'd be touched dancer
if you could see me heartbroken as I
write/ thinking of hard promises and
love I only wish had gone right/ as
I'm the dancer now--dancing
on thin ice.

--- Robert Parody

Ptr Kozlowski

SometIMeS
It GEts haRd
to sEperAte thE MomEnts.

SomETimes iTs reALLy hArD

TO SepaRate The MomEnts.
SomEtiMes it'S jUsT Hard to SeParAte THe moMeNts.

A MomeNt wHen YOu nEed ME fRom a MoMent WHen I

NEEDed you and

couldn't find you

BAAYY                    BA

sOMETImes IT GEts haRd: to KEeP tHe momENTs toGEthER;
SomeTiMes,

iT'S ReaLLy HaRD:

To KeEP the COnnEction IN Mind BetWeeN One

MomEnT And AnOthEr
A MomEnt whEN we're NOt In LOvE wiTh All The MO-

MenTS wheN WE ARe.

SomeTImEs It's PrettY HaRD t'

keep the moments together.

YOU THINK THAT'S BAD, IT'S EVEN HARDER
TRYING TO KEEP APART TWO DIFFERENT
SIDES OF ONE AND THE SAME MOMENT
IT'S PRACTICALLY BORDERING ON THE IMPOSSIBLE
TRYING TO SEPARATE TWO DISPARATE FACES OF
one
SAME AND THE VARIED MOMENT, LIKE ONE

moment when my pants of cold breath
are nearly visible in the empty spaces that I prowl
the while your
breath of sleepings graces hairs of a forearm not
belonging either to you or to me.

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THE PEOPLE
LIVED BY THE RIVER
THEY COULD TELL THAT THERE WAS NO WAY THEY COULD STOP THE WATER
THAT RHYMED WITH SLAUGHTER.
AND THEY THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS NO WAY THEY COULD STOP THE SLAUGHTER.

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## LOISAIDA

Come watch Loisaida wake with me .
See natty dread glisten his gold tooth .
See mortal man at his lowest best .
See mirror-glass boys blare radio breath .
See morning joints with morning coffee as old
Latin mothers walk grandma to Church .

Come watch Loisaida wake with me .
See a stool move with the sun .
See Las Vegas satin shirts balck with axel grease .
See chinese wives carting Tide to the laundry .
See junkie-drunks clock into their gutters as
art-girls phone home excuses to their mothers .

Come watch Loisaida wake with me .
See hands out foe cigarettes and whiskey .
See baby playing with a veteran bum .
See Jersy-plates picking up some gun .
See white boy painter with the village eye .
See the dogs watch the cats go by .

Come watch Loisaida wake with me .
See the shop-owners watch side-walk t.v. .
Come watch Loisaida
wake with me .

## THE EDIE EFFECT

Well , you describe the girl by what she wears ;
From her jet black tights to her platinum hair ;
From her hula-hoop earrings ;
To her mini-skirt ;
From her Keith Haring bracelet ;
To her paisley shirt .

Well , have you seen her
in the latest media shower ,
posing at a party with Andy Whore-wallflower ?
There are at least twenty on any New York bar
waiting for someone to make them a star .
Har-Har !

That's the Edie effect .
It takes no intellect .
Just an image to project
and some friends to neglect .
Life's a discotech
on daddy's paycheck .
Ah , what the heck .
Stay permanently wrecked .
Do the Edie effect !

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LACH

# TYE DIE

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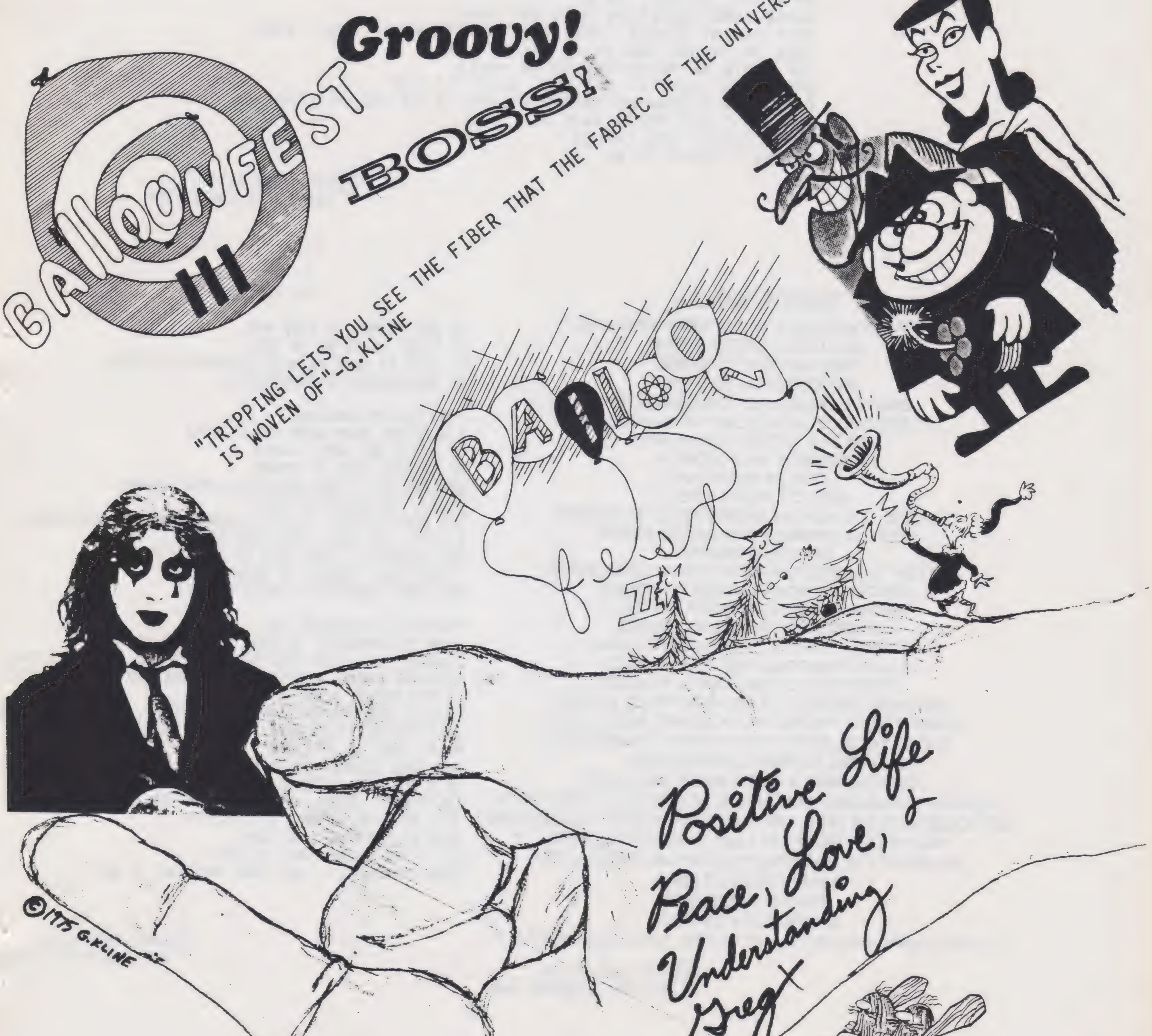
"WHATS SO FUNNY ABOUT PEACE, LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING"-N.LOWE
E.COSTELLO

* ALL COPIES OF THIS WORK MADE WHERE JOHN HALL WORKS.


Groovy!
BALLOONFEST
III
BOSS!
BALLOON
fest
II
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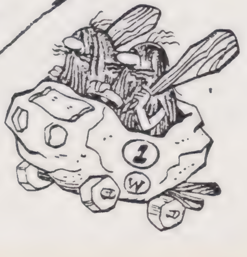
"TRIPPING LETS YOU SEE THE FIBER THAT THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE IS WOVEN OF"-G.KLINE

Positive Life,
Peace, Love,
Understanding
Greg



GREG KLINE
56 ST.PAULS AVE. JERSEY CITY,N.J. 07306

## SUBLIMINAL WHORES

OH WHAT YOU DO TO ME
YOU SPREAD THAT CREAMY FROSTING & YOU LEAVE ME ALL ALONE
OH CREAMY DELUXE, YOURE THE CREAM OF THE CROP
FROSTING AND BUTTER, KNOCK MY SOCKS OFF
YOU SWEET TALKER - BETTY CROCKER
OH CREAMY DELUXE, OH BETTY, OH GIVE IT TO ME
I'D DO ANYTHING FOR ANOTHER HOT WHORE FEAST
I'D GIVE YOU ALL MY MONEY
I'D LIE, CHEAT, STEAL, SACRIFICE MY VALUES, CAREER, & DREAMS
FOR A TASTE OF YOUR SWEET SWEET CAKE
MMM, GIVE ME A LARGE MOIST PIECE OF YOUR CAKE
TO SPEAR WITH MY STIFF THROBBING COCK
MASSAGE IT ON AND AROUND MY JOHN THOMAS
OH YES, OH YES LOVER, OH, RIGHT THERE
OH YES, OH, JUST LIKE THAT
OH BETTY, OH BET, OH B.
YOURE MORE ADDICTING THAN ANY DRUG
MORE CREAMY DELUXE, MORE B. CROCKER, MORE, MORE, MORE
DOWN MY THROAT AND IN MY STEAMY LOINS
YOU DRIVE ME ANXIOUSLY TO MY KNEES
I'M GONNA SHOOT IT FOR YOU, JUST FOR YOU
I'M GONNA STREAM MY CREAMY DELUXE UP TO THE CEILING
ISNT THAT HOW YOU'D HAVE ME
FOR A DOLLAR AND CHANGE
OH WHAT YOU DO TO ME

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WRITTEN DECEMBER 1986

## EXPRESSION

WHAT POSSESSES TO EXPRESS LIKE THIS
CERTAINLY RECOGNITION
RECOGNITION TO SHARE
RECOGNITION TO CLIMB
SHARE LOVE,SHARE COMMUNICATION
CLIMB OUT OF HELL,CLIMB UP TO HEAVEN
FOR THE ART OF IT,FUN OF IT
IMPRESS THAT WOMAN
LOOK,IM SENSITIVE
BUT I DO REALLY FEEL
TO LEAD THE MENTAL MASTURBATION PARADE
VERBAL GYMNAST ON CIRCUS EARTH
BLEEDING HEARTS
BETTER TO BLEED RAINBOWS THAN CONFORM TO
CATTLE,IMPUDENT MONEY MACHINES
WASHING DIRTY LAUNDRY IN PUBLIC
SYMPTOM OF REASONS TO LIVE
IF THE CHOICE IS TO CONTINUE LIVING
ITS BETTER TO SHARE THAN WATCH
LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH & FAMOUS
BECAUSE THERE SO DOES NEED TO BE A POINT
IS BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS REALLY ART
IS DAN FOGELBERG THE POET HE CLAIMS HE IS
TIME TO DROP SOME NAMES
JOHN GIORNO & PATTI SMITH ARE POETS
JOHN LENNON,ROGER WATERS,ELVIS COSTELLO ARE POETS
ART EXCERSIZE MY MIND ANY WAY YOU WANT IF YOU HELP ME
FAR FROM THE PRIME-TIME OATMEAL VACUUM
EXHAUST THE POSSIBILITIES,EXPOSE & BURN OUT
YOUR WALLS OF FEAR
WAKES UP MY MIND
JUMPSTARTS MY SOUL
DO YOU THINK WE JUST WANT TO FIND THE RIGHT COMPANY

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WRITTEN NOVEMBER 1986

## THE WAY

TO SEE THINGS AS THEY ARE,
AT FIRST IS TO BE IN HELL
AT LAST IT IS A FLOWING FLOWERING ALCHEMY
OF CONTENTMENT & ACCEPTANCE

I AM NOT ENLIGHTENED
I FEEL THE SKIN BURN OFF MY FACE
MY WORDS ARE UNDER WATER
MY STOMACH FULL OF SYRUP
UNWITNESSED TEARS WASH PAIN DOWN DRAINS
PEOPLE WHO CLAIM TO CARE
BUT SCRUTINIZED THEY ARE FRIGHTENINGLY QUESTIONABLE
I SERVE THE BALL INTO YOUR COURT
YOU DEFLATE IT AND TOSS IT IN THE TRASH
I SELFISHLY EXPOSE MY NERVES
AND HOPE YOU WONT URINATE ON THEM

TRUTH AS I PERCEIVE IT
LARGELY DEPENDENT ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW
I AGREE, I DECIDE SOMETHING HAS VALUE AND SO IT DOES
TRUTHFUL CARING HOWEVER, WILL TAKE YOU TO THE GUTTER
AS YOU BLEED, SCUM IS THE TRUTH
CRUELTY BECOMES THE SAME AS KINDNESS, BUT IT'S ALRIGHT
SELF PRESERVATION MAKES FRIENDS WITH UGLINESS,
MAKES LOVE TO UGLINESS
AND THEN IGNORES IT TO CLIMB OUT
IT'S ALRIGHT IN THE END AS IT ALWAYS WAS, REALLY
THE MORE I LEARN, THE LESS THERE IS TO SAY
IT'S SO HARD TO MAKE A STATEMENT
WHEN EVERYTHING'S SO GRAY
SO IS THE ANSWER NOT TO TRY...
THEN EVENTUALLY I MAY HAVE NOTHING TO SAY

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## SOCIAL SECURITY

HOW MANY ROOMS ARE RENTED BY PAINFUL PAST
DONT PANIC BECAUSE THERES A STRANGER IN THE HOUSE
HOW MANY SKELETONS ARE THERE IN YOUR CLOSET
I WONT RUN WHEN I FIND OUT
THERES A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE WHO WILL SAY THEY LOVE YOU
EACH ONE AN ARTIST WHO CAN PAINT OUT ANY FLAW
WEEDING THEM OUT YOU JUDGE THE BOOKS BY THEIR COVERS
EACH TIME THE WOUNDS HURT MORE
HEY YOU
ONE OF THE TORTURED FACES IN THE COLD
YES YOU
IVE SEEN WHO YOU ARE AND IM STILL AROUND TO HOLD
YOU RUN DOWN THE SUBWAY BUT THE TRAIN IS LATE FOR ARRIVAL
FIDGETING NERVOUSLY YOU FORCE A SMILE
THE INVESTIGATORS GONNA OPEN YOUR FILE
YOURE WORRIED IM NOT FEELING
I CARE ABOUT MORE THAN JUST FEELING

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WRITTEN NOVEMBER 1980

## STAINED GLASS

THE CHILL FACTOR,FACES FREEZING TIGHT
CLOSET SKELETONS ARE FIGHTING LAST RIGHTS
CIGARETTES & COFFEE,NERVOUS CAFFEINE NIGHT
THE ONE THING ON YOUR MINDS GOT YOU SEWN UP TIGHT
STAINED GLASS (4X)
NEVER ROLL WITH A PUNCH,GETTING BATTERED WITH THE WORST
BEFORE YOU GOT INVOLVED
YOU SHOULDVE TOOK THE SHRINK WRAP OFF FIRST
THE THINGS WE SAY GO STALEMATE,ADVOCATE THE DEVILS WAY
IF I KNEW WHAT WE WERE DOIN
I WOULD HAVE STAYED OUT OF OUR WAY
STAINED GLASS (4X)
THE STAINS GET DEEPER & YOU DONT REALLY CARE
GUESS AFTER YOU ASSESSED THE DAMAGE
IT WASNT WORTH MAKING REPAIRS
CLEAR PANED,PRE STAINED,DIDNT LAST LONG
THE TAR & NICOTINE CAME WHEN THE FIRST THING WENT WRONG
STAINED GLASS
OH WHEN WE BREAK
STAINED PAST
OH WHEN WE BREAK

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WRITTEN OCTOBER 1980

## CITY LIMITS

HOW LONG CAN YOU LIVE INSIDE A CLOSET
AND CALL IT SPACIOUS HOME
LIVE WITH A MILLION OTHER PEOPLE
AND STILL BE SO ALONE
ANAESTETIZE THE PAIN AND SCREAM OUT LOUD
THE BOTTOM LINE IS YOUR TOP DOLLAR
YOU STILL SAY ITS WORTH IT
GREAT DEALS OF INFORMATION OVERLOAD
MENTAL STRESS,SHORT CIRCUIT
WIPE THE SOOT OFF OF YOUR BROW

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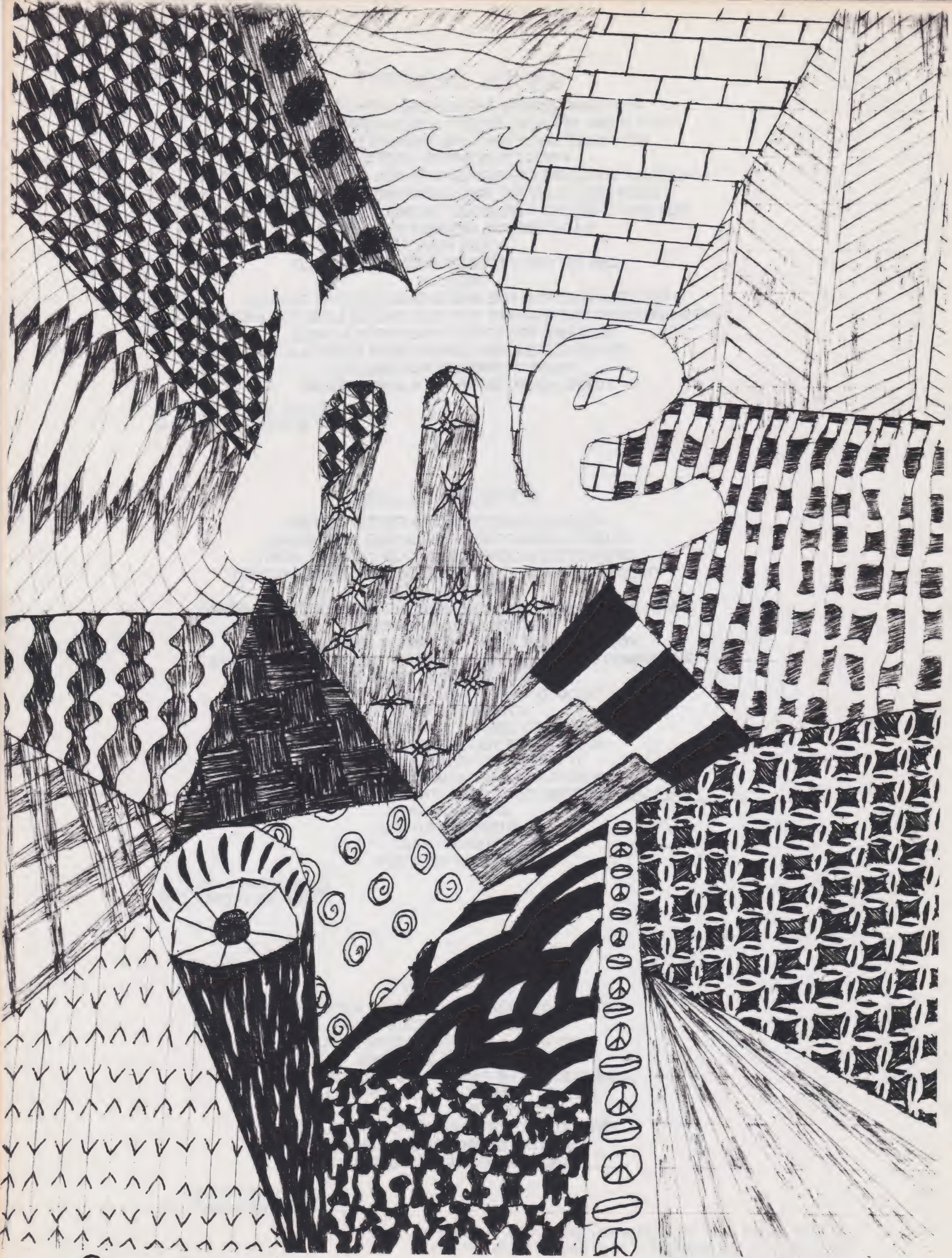

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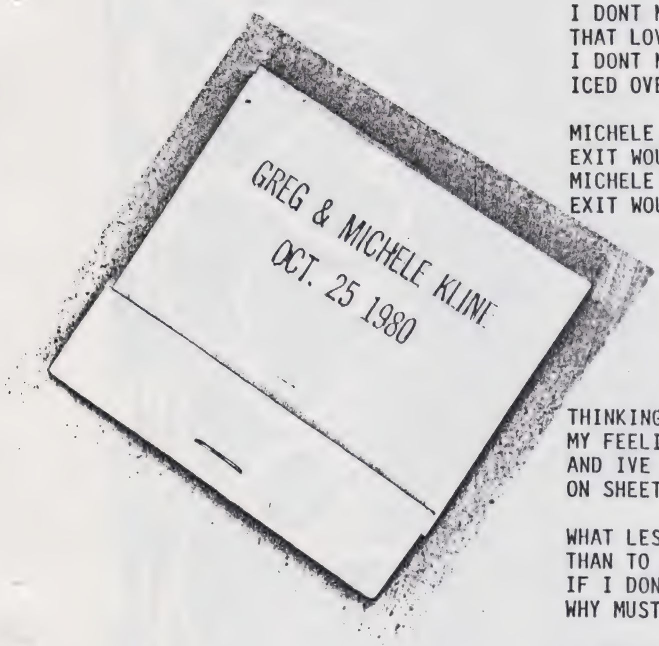
## EXIT WOUNDS (MICHELE IN WAVES)

I DONT NEED TO ROMANCE YOU TO LOVE YOU
I DONT NEED TO HOLD YOU TO TOUCH YOU
I DONT NEED TO POSSESS YOU AS IF I COULD
I DONT NEED TO ENTERTAIN YOU TO REACH YOU

AND WHEN THE PARTIES OVER, YOU KNOW YOU WILL STILL BLEED
ALL THE FACTS REMAIN THE SAME, YOU STILL NEED WHAT YOU NEED
AND THOUGH YOU CRY IN STORMS, YOU KNOW NOTHING WILL CHANGE
YOU NO LONGER TURN HER ON, PICK UP YOUR PIECES AND RE-ARRANGE

I DONT NEED TO ASK YOU, IN YOUR EYES THERES NO DOUBT
THAT LOVE WAS FOREVER EVEN IF WE DONT WORK OUT
I DONT NEED TO SEE YOU TO KNOW WHAT I MISS
ICED OVER IN HELL REMEMBERING YOUR KISS

MICHELE IN WAVES
EXIT WOUNDS
MICHELE IN WAVES
EXIT WOUNDS



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## WE GOTTA TALK

THINKING BY THE LIGHT OF THE DIGITAL CLOCK
MY FEELINGS ARE AN OCEAN, YOUR FEELINGS ARE AN OCEAN
AND IVE TRIED TO BRIDGE THE TWO
ON SHEETS OF PAPER...HOW ABSURD

WHAT LESS CAN I SAY, WHAT LESS CAN I DO
THAN TO TAKE THESE CONTRIVED GRABS AT YOU
IF I DONT LOVE YOU BY THE NUMBERS, YOU WONT SHED ME ANY LIGHT
WHY MUST I BE WRONG FOR YOU TO BE RIGHT

WE GOTTA TALK
WE GOT, WE GOT, WE GOTTA TALK
WE GOTTA TALK
WE GOT, WE GOT, WE GOTTA TALK

WHAT SHALL WE DO AND WHERE SHALL WE RIDE
HOW SHALL WE COVER AND HOW SHALL WE HIDE
YOU KNOW ITS GONNA BE WILD
WHEN THINGS GET SO DEEP THEY TURN SHALLOW

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WRITTEN OCTOBER 1987

## BREAKDOWN

SOME MORNINGS I DONT WAKE FROM NIGHTMARES
SOMETIMES I BLEED AND STILL DONT HAVE A COURSE
AM I BLIND BECAUSE I DONT SEE YOU CARE
LIFELESS EYES FATIGUED AND BEATEN BARE

YOU CANT SAVE ME
QUESTION IS CAN I SAVE MYSELF
WHEN PAIN'S THE LARGER PART OF MY DAY
AND AS I WALK, I NOTICE I AM LOST

IMAGINATION'S A POWERFUL DECEIVER
DEPRESSION IS A MEAN ANIMAL
HOPELESSNESS BELIEVES THERES NO SURVIVERS
MY OWN TWO FEET DRIFTING OUT AT SEA

RUNNING ROUND IN CIRCLES AND INTO BRICK WALLS
RAMPANT THOUGHT BANGING THRU THE NIGHT
IN MY HEAD PINK NOISE IS EVER FLOWING
LIKE AFTER SIGNOFF TELEVISION SNOW

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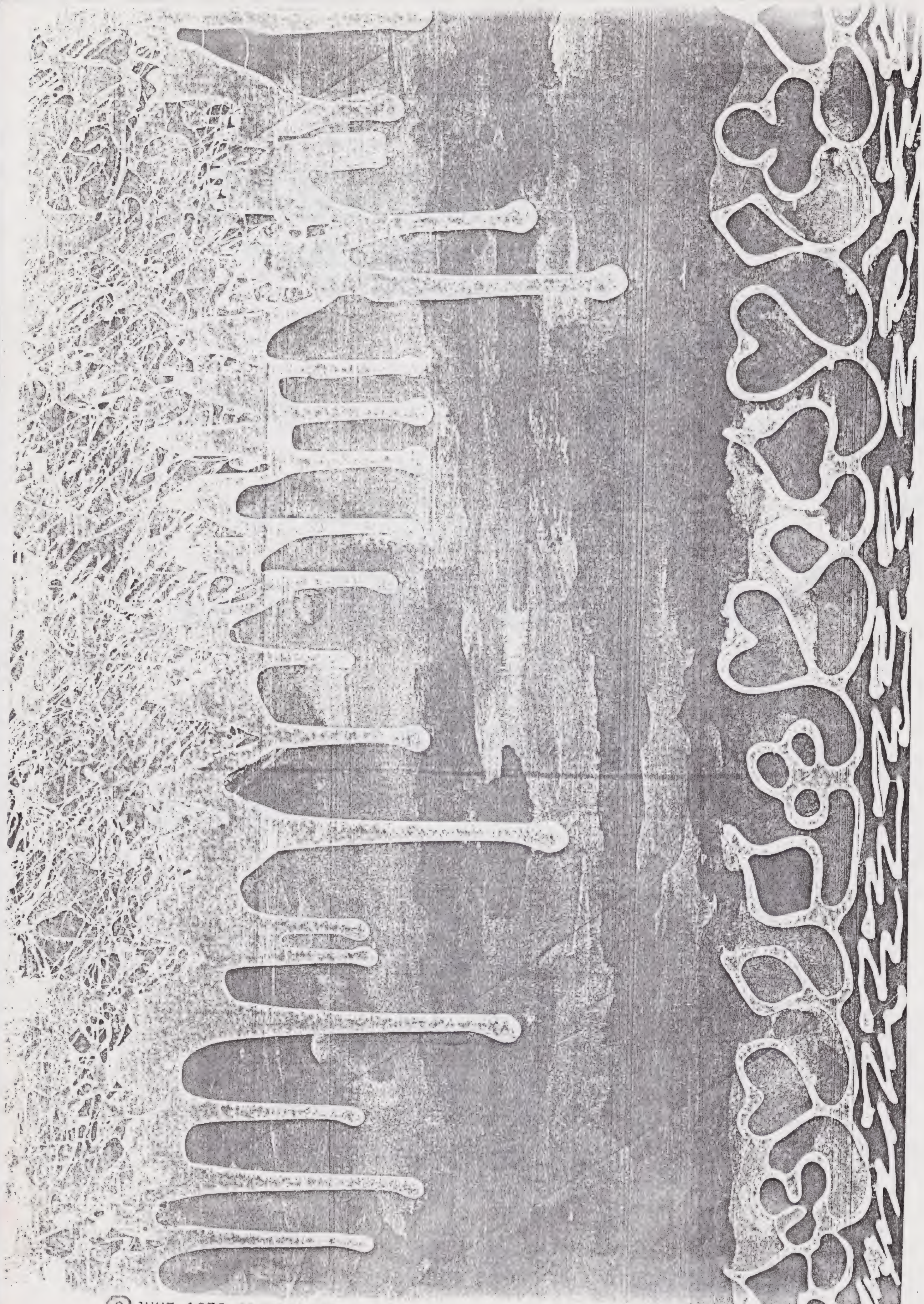

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# LOST IN VACATION

I AM WATCHING ALL THE COLORS
I AM HEARING ALL THE SOUNDS
I DONT MIND BEING ALONE
AND WHEN YOURE HERE
IT ALL FEELS BETTER
I AM WAVING WITH THE OCEAN
AND SKYDIVING THROUGH THE STARS
TEXTURES AND PATTERNS RISE AND FALL
IT DOESNT WORRY ME AT ALL
ITS ALWAYS TIMELESS
WHEN THE LEAVES CHANGE COLORS
THE SEASHELLS AND FEATHERS
I FEEL THE RHYTHMS OF THE GROOVES
HERE I AM LAUGHING
LAUGHING DISCREETLY
ITS AMAZING WHAT LIFE CAN BE
I AM ROLLING OVER MOUNTAINS
BREATHING LIFE AS NIGHTTIME AIR
IM AT THE MOVIES IN MY MIND
ANOTHER CLASSIC EVERY TIME
WHERE DO THEY COME FROM
I MADLY DANCE WITH FIRES PASSION
TO STAND OUT IN A DRIVING SNOW
PEOPLE SCURRY ROUND AND ROUND
A MAKE BELIEVE OF LOST AND FOUND
CHASING THE SUNSET

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## SNOW

WHEN DEPRESSION IS GETTING THE BETTER OF ME
AND I WONDER IF CHRISTMAS SPIRIT STILL MEANS THE SAME TO ME
THE CITY IS CULTURE FILLED WITH STIMULATION
BUT ITS NOT A PRETTY PLACE
THEN UNANNOUNCED ONE NIGHT IT SNOWS,TAKES ME BY SURPRISE
SOON, EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES IS ALIVE
WITH BEAUTY AND BOUNDING INNOCENT SPIRIT
AMAZING DETAILS NO CAMERA LENS CAN SEE,
ONLY THE NAKED NAKED EYE WHEN YOU OPENLY LOOK
THE BRILLIANT YET SOFT GLITTER OF VIRGIN SNOW
UNDER THE STREET LIGHT AT NIGHT
ELUSIVE DEFINITION AND NO TWO ALIKE...WHO CHECKS
LOOKING UP INTO THE FALLING MILLIONS,
THEY DO A DANCE YOU CANT QUITE LEARN THE STEPS TO
LIVING PAINTING OF FAINTLY SHADOWED FLAKES
DUSTING AROUND THE ALREADY FALLEN SNOW
THE TWINKLING, THE SHADOWS, THE WHITE
I AM THE SNOW, EMPTY, NO THOUGHT, PURE HARMONY, PURELY CONTENT
I AM THE SAME, CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IS THE SAME, ONLY OFTEN HIDDEN
UNDER SLEEPY CONFUSION AND LEARNED LIVING DEATH

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SPECIAL THANKS TO MATTHEW COURTNEY,JOHN HALL,
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